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## CONTENTS.

SUPPLEMENT :	PAGE	SPECIAL ARTICLES (continued) :	PAGE	CORRESPONDENCE (continued) :	PAGE
Geometry . . . . .	291	Jules Laforgue. By Arthur Symons . . . . .	305	Wagner on Richmond Hill. By A. D. . . . .	314
Arithmetic and Algebra . . . . .	291	The Follies of Alp Climbing. By . . . . .	306	The Montserrat Riots. By Charles Heneage . . . . .	314
Applied Mathematics . . . . .	291	Harold Spender . . . . .	306	Evidence of Previous Convictions. By B. L. . . . .	314
Classical School Books . . . . .	292	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES :		Mr. Zangwill's Humour. By J. R. P. . . . .	315
Text-books . . . . .	293	A Startled Faun. By Max . . . . .	308	Did the Cat put down Garrotting? By Joseph Collinson . . . . .	315
History . . . . .	293	The Promenade Concerts. By J. F. R. . . . .	309	"True Heart." By Frederic Breton . . . . .	315
Geography, Drawing, &c. . . . .	294	MONEY MATTERS . . . . .	309	REVIEWS :	
NOTES . . . . .	297	New Issue: Daniell & Sons' Breweries, Limited . . . . .	312	M. Brunetière . . . . .	316
LEADING ARTICLES :		Answers to Correspondents . . . . .	312	The Cost of Empire . . . . .	317
An Imperial Utopian . . . . .	300	CORRESPONDENCE :		The Third Republic . . . . .	317
Some Unwritten Sudan Chapters . . . . .	301	"An Indignant Catholic." By F. A. Alcock, John F. Taylor, An Old Reader, and Vox . . . . .	312	Mr. W. T. Stead, Novelist . . . . .	318
The Fall of Wolsey . . . . .	302	Health and Brain-work. By Corpore Sano . . . . .	313	Fiction . . . . .	319
The New Danger to the Church . . . . .	303			Reviews and Magazines . . . . .	320
SPECIAL ARTICLES :					
The True Shakespeare.—VII. By Frank Harris . . . . .	304				

[A Supplement dealing with Educational Books appears with this issue.]

## NOTES.

THE Tsar's rescript in favour of universal peace has thrown the world into commotion. The French papers are, of course, peculiarly excited by what they call the Russian traitorism. France, they say, was not consulted before the event. They are all asking what the alliance is worth which one party can treat as only existing for the sake of peace. Surely the French press is mistaken in this matter. Our Foreign Office, we believe, knew of the Tsar's audacious pronouncement three or four days before it found its way into the papers, and it is a fact that the French Government was consulted on the matter some time ago.

Now what is the true inwardness of the Tsar's rescript? So far as the Tsar, its ostensible author, is concerned it is an honest little gush of sentimentality. In his youthful days the Tsar had a great admiration for his spouting, self-confident and slightly older fellow-sovereign William of Germany. In maturer years he naturally wishes to play as great a part in Europe as the spouting Hohenzollern, and this rescript is his first attempt at rivalry. But this explanation, though true enough, is not sufficient; there are wheels within these obvious wheels. It is well known that Russia's finances are in a parlous state. She will not be ready for war for ten or twelve years to come, and the fear of war with England in the East makes borrowing for her an impossibility. It is a convenient time to talk sentimentalities about peace and so make the task of borrowing easier. Therefore the Russian Finance Minister de Witte has got his Sovereign's ear for the moment, and the aggressive Foreign Minister Count Mouravieff has to take a back seat. But will England wait and wait and wait till Russia is ready to gobble up another slice of China? In spite of the latest rumours we shall not believe that anything good for England has actually happened there until documents are written, signed and published.

The Tsar's rescript will of course have a practical issue. The Conference of the Delegates of European Powers will be held probably in Paris to soothe French vanities in the cheapest way. And then, so it is whispered, the proposal will be made that the English should evacuate Egypt, to which they have no right, whereupon the British Delegate will withdraw, declaring that he has no powers to discuss this matter. Then the French and Russian and German papers will declare that those greedy grasping English have defeated the Tsar's desire for universal Peace, the idea of all brainless sentimentalists the world over. We English shall come badly out of the Conference—that seems plain—because we know that Thersites' indictment

of human nature is profoundly true. "War is always the fashion" with men, and this generation cannot reverse the instincts implanted and developed in a thousand preceding generations.

The Dreyfus case has suddenly started up into life again, and now there is reasonable hope that the final exhibition of its squalid intrigues is within sight. Lieut.-Colonel Henry, Chief of the Intelligence Department in the French Army, has confessed to M. Cavaignac, the Minister of War, that he forged the letter of 1896, by means of which the guilt of Dreyfus was re-affirmed and re-established. It was to this letter that the Minister of War referred in the Chamber when he said: "The culpability of Dreyfus is distinctly established in a letter of 1896, which perfectly agrees with a previous correspondence, and which proves that culpability in an irrefutable manner." This culpability is now, of course, shaken to its foundations by the confession, the truth of which Colonel Henry has sealed by committing suicide. It only remains now for the forger of the *bordereau* to come forward and confess his guilt. The Paris correspondent of the "Times" has no difficulty in declaring who that forger is. He says: "Between Colonel Henry and Major Esterhazy there existed common action rendering them both equally culpable and forcing them *per fas et nefas* to help one another even to the extent of the crime confessed by Colonel Henry. . . . Major Esterhazy is the author of the *bordereau*, and Colonel Henry provided him with the elements." That is a straight indictment, and it will probably be found, when the whole case is revised, to be perfectly accurate. It would be well, therefore, if Major Esterhazy, following the example of his chief, would come forward and confess his guilt; the General Staff would no doubt subsequently find the necessary razor. Meanwhile, the question which suggests itself is—What next? To the English mind the next thing would be to liberate Dreyfus now that the evidence upon which he was convicted has been hopelessly discredited, but that is probably the last thing which will occur to a Frenchman. Nevertheless, the liberation of Dreyfus will arrive—and M. Zola will yet establish a reputation as a prophet as well as a novelist.

At the moment of writing we await news of the tremendous battle which has raged or may even now be raging round Omdurman. But, as usual, the telegraph has broken down at a convenient moment, an obliging sand-storm having apparently done the handsome thing by the Sirdar. The same lack of news was experienced during the campaign on the Atbara. Only the briefest telegrams reached this country regarding the operations against Mahmud's camp—five lines appeared in the "Times" on Good Friday, the day on which the camp was stormed. The following morning the Sirdar's own telegram to the War

Office, via Lord Cromer, gave the news of the glorious victory. It is probable that the same detaining hand is at work on this occasion, and it will be interesting to watch if the Sirdar gets ahead of the war correspondents with his "news of battle" in this campaign as well as the last. We have no desire to carp at the methods of Sir Herbert Kitchener, but it is certainly a pity that he should establish for himself the reputation of being a martinet in this matter of the transmission of news.

We know, however, that the enemy has been seen, and, in a phrase greatly beloved of the special war correspondents, "several Dervish saddles have been emptied." But what we are all anxious to know is whether Omdurman has been taken, and the cost in human life of taking it. Should the town have to be carried by storm, and should the Dervishes make a last stand in the sacred place, round the tomb of the Madhi, the carnage may place the battle amongst the most terrible of the century. It is curious that no one, in England, at least, cares much about what is to happen afterwards. We all admire Sir Herbert Kitchener's pluck, energy, foresight and resource; we are all confident of his success; but the ultimate results of his success have not yet been seriously considered. Of course we will have got the Nile and a clear road down into Uganda. Had Lord Rosebery not made so lamentable a mess of the Congo Free State business some four years ago, a railway from Cairo to Cape Town might have been possible. But goodness only knows what we could do with it.

The sanguine anticipations of Mr. Rhodes and Sir James Sivewright have not been realised. It is now certain that the Bond will have a majority in the Cape Lower House, though a small one, but after all, this will not make much difference. The pity is that Mr. Rhodes and Sir James Sivewright, aided and abetted by Sir Alfred Milner, at the outset raised a false issue. It was not on the question of "British Supremacy" that the elections turned, but on the personality of Mr. Rhodes and all that it implies. It is a blunder which Sir Alfred Milner will never retrieve to have placed "British Supremacy" in such a position that its antagonists can represent the victory of the Africanders as a blow to our prestige, and it is a blunder for which Sir Alfred Milner's chief at the Colonel Office cannot himself escape blame. In any case, Sir Alfred Milner will soon have to come home, and we doubt if he will speedily find another Egypt to restore his lost credit. Out of evil, however, it is possible there may come good. With Mr. Hofmeyr and Mr. Schreiner in power at the Cape, President Kruger may be less suspicious, and our relations with the Transvaal may be considerably improved. It is comforting to know that our representative at Pretoria is a man not likely to let slip the occasion.

Signor Luzzatti, the agent in China of the Pekin Syndicate, is at present in London; and, although he says that the time for interviews has not yet come, he has made one startling statement to a "Financial News" representative. Li Hung Chang is generally credited with being the great stumbling-block in the way of British interests in China. Indeed, not very long ago, it was reported that something very like a request to have him hanged, drawn, and quartered had been made by the British Government to the Chinese authorities. But it appears that we were quite mistaken about him. Signor Luzzatti says that, so far as the Pekin Syndicate is concerned, it owes very much to "the good offices of the great Viceroy, Li Hung Chang." It was suggested a short time ago that one of the reasons for the failure of British diplomacy in China was that we did not rightly appreciate the uses of "palm oil" judiciously applied. We have no desire to pry too curiously into the secrets of the Pekin Syndicate, but we confess that we should like to know just how much those "good offices of the great Viceroy" have cost. To judge by Li Hung Chang's previous history they have not been given solely for the "beaux yeux" of Mr. George Cawston.

It would seem that the Vaccination Act is to be made applicable to London after all. The magistrates have held a meeting at Bow Street to consider what course they should pursue in regard to people who come before them with conscientious objections to vaccination. The difficulty of what constitutes a "conscientious" objection first presented itself to Mr. Curtis Bennett, who said that he could not deal with the matter because he could not examine the objector's conscience. After that no other course seemed open but that the objector should produce his conscience, and that the magistrate should send it to the City analyst to determine whether it did or did not contain an objection. Happily the magistrates, with a strange access of wisdom, have saved the objector from this temporary loss of a conscience. At their meeting yesterday they decided to condescend to hear applications under the Vaccination Act, and not to require the applicant to be sworn. All that they ask from the applicant is a verbal statement that he has a conscientious objection. We have to congratulate the magistrates upon arriving at a decision which, for some time, has presented itself to the mere man.

In a speech made at Seham on Friday of last week Lord Londonderry made a second attack on Sir John Gorst. The first, it will be remembered, was made in the House of Lords. On that occasion Lord Londonderry distinguished himself by a charming exhibition of ignorance on educational matters, and by a rancorous outburst of personal abuse. At Seham he distinguished himself by a feat of deliberate misrepresentation. He declared that Sir John Gorst had said in the House of Commons that the Squire and the Parson were no friends of elementary education. The truth is, as Lord Londonderry must have known, that Sir John Gorst quoted these words from the report of a departmental inspector. But Sir John, we think, would be quite right if he said that elementary education had nothing to gain from such "friends" as Lord Londonderry.

In the silly season we hear a good deal of schoolmasters' injustice as well as of magistrates' injustice. A Mr. McCann, assistant master at the Ashburnham Road Board School, Chelsea, appeared before Mr. Marsham the other day for giving a small boy six cuts with a cane because he said "Rats!" It appears that in the Ashburnham Road Board School "Rats!" is considered "bad language"; it appears also that the six cuts produced a very marked effect in this case because the boy was anaemic and "easily bruised." Mr. Marsham let the talented assistant master off, and the boy's father had to be turned out of court for threatening to "put a bullet into him." If instead of threatening this he had let Mr. McCann experience the effect of six cuts with a cane, it would have been hard to withhold approval. Another teacher, a Mr. Gull, flogged a pupil because the pupil's father had given him a holiday, and Mr. Gull has had to pay forty shillings for his amusement. It was suggested that the boy was caned because he was low down in his form. If every dull or stupid or indolent person were to be thrashed, how many schoolmasters would escape?

The coming bye-election at Darlington promises to be a fight of exceptional severity. The late member, Mr. Pease, was a favourite in the town, where he had spent his earliest years in social and religious work. It was not wonderful, therefore, that he should, at the last election, be able to oust Sir Theodore Fry by a majority of 657 in an electorate which at that time consisted of 6560 voters. The man who comes forward to take his place, even should it be one of his own sons, will not have that old-established popularity as a stand-by. As yet neither side has fixed upon its candidate, but both sides are determined to fight a good fight. In North Down the disagreement in the Unionist camp still continues; the split, indeed, seems to be established beyond repair. As is usual in Irish matters the differences between the two sections of the Orange party are very difficult to be understood or even discovered by the outsider. One thing is very plain, however—that if the two parties do not come to an understanding before

the polling-day they will suffer disaster; and in that event no one will pity them.

The main interest of the military manœuvres was reached on Thursday night, when hostilities were declared. An invading army began the advance from the South, and this morning's news should tell us whether the Duke of Connaught, in the opinion of the Umpires, has succeeding in holding his own against Sir Redvers Buller. The manœuvres have been attended by much real hard work, which the troops appear to have faced in admirable spirit. Considerably enlarged though the field of operations has been this year, the space is still too small, and the movements day by day have been dependent on camping arrangements and conditions generally which real warfare would not involve. For the cavalry the opportunities of learning anything appear to have been almost non-existent. The limited extent of the ground moreover has, no doubt, saved those in command from the perpetration of many tactical mistakes from which they would derive future profit. All the same the manœuvres this year, being on a larger scale than any witnessed hitherto in England, should prove noteworthy.

The letter of Mr. Alfred P. Hillier in the "Times" regarding the shooting powers of Her Majesty's forces reveals a state of matters which is disgraceful in the present and full of danger for the future. "In 1892," he says, "the percentage of marksmen was 6·74, in 1893 it was 11·61, while in 1894 it was 3·29 per cent." It is true that in 1896 the percentage rose to 12 per cent., and in 1897 to 16 per cent., but, on the other hand, the second and third-class shots in these years actually amounted to 60 and 64 per cent. When it is realised that these second and third-class shots cannot be reckoned upon to hit an advancing enemy at any range, the utter inefficiency of our army as a shooting force will be understood. During the late campaign against the Afidis, the helplessness of our troops against the accurate firing of the tribesmen brought us to the verge of disaster more than once. For the Afidi, with an inferior weapon, could shoot straight, and that is a thing which Tommy Atkins has not yet learned. And why? Not because Tommy is unwilling to learn or unable to learn, but simply because this impoverished nation cannot afford to give him ammunition wherewith to practise. It prefers to spend its money on fifteen hundred and odd general officers. To the soldier who has to do the work, who has to knock over the enemy or be knocked over himself, we only grant a paltry allowance of 119 rounds of ammunition for his annual course of training; and we expect that man to be a marksman. The thing is monstrous, and is only another indication of the cheeseparing methods which the War Office applies to all matters which make for real efficiency.

The Tsar's Memorandum appeared on Monday, and now, says the "Daily Mail," "the Russians at Niuchwang are endeavouring to coerce the natives into selling their land at very low prices." We find another ironical circumstance recorded in the "Daily Chronicle": "In consequence of famine at Mosul and the vicinity, the Armenians are suffering terribly, and many Christians are stated to have sold their daughters to obtain bread." It is odd that these devoted Christians should have to sell their daughters that they may enjoy the blessings of their religion.

Eighteen years is an early age at which to assume the reins of Government. Were Queen Wilhelmina destined to play an important rôle in the international affairs of Europe, the attainment of her majority whilst still in her teens would be provocative of a considerable amount of anxiety. But the little kingdom of Holland no longer possesses the almost imperial power which once gave her supremacy upon the seas. She has sunk—happily enough, to judge by the prosperity and contentment of her inhabitants—far below the level of a European Power; and whatever administrative abilities may be developed by the young Queen will be directed solely to the economical welfare of her subjects. The Constitution of the Netherlands does not admit of the exercise

of much power on the Sovereign's part; but Queen Wilhelmina has, at least in one important matter, shown herself possessed of strength of character and independence. These traits, coupled with intelligence, are the most important that a ruler can possess. It is the weak and vacillating monarchs who, by yielding easily to bad advice, have caused most of the mischief in the world. If the young Dutch Queen fulfils the promise of her youth, her subjects will have every reason to congratulate themselves.

The Welsh Coal Strike is at an end, and work will be resumed as rapidly as circumstances permit. The conflict has extended over five months, and has cost some seven or eight millions sterling to those directly concerned. What it has cost the country it is impossible even to imagine. All this waste, all the suffering which has fallen chiefly on thousands of women and children, all the bad blood which is inevitable in so stubborn a struggle, have been incurred to the advantage, immediate or prospective, of no one. However keenly we may sympathise with the men, it is impossible not to condemn the counsels which have subjected them to this humiliating defeat. They have been beaten all along the line, and the terms on which, as the voting on Wednesday showed, they are overwhelmingly eager to return to work, are precisely as severe as the masters could make them.

Matters are going from bad to worse in the East of London. The Water Company not only persists in its refusal to accord its customers the constant supply for which they will be compelled to pay, but from to-day will cut down the supply from six to four hours per day. Some of our contemporaries, who have been making perfunctory inquiry into the question, accept the statements made on behalf of the Water Company with a simplicity which is charming because it is so fatuous. Here is a corporation which has again and again failed to meet its engagements, and which conducts its business in the spirit of a third-rate company promoter, rather than of the guardian of sacred public interests, permitted to find salvation in the eyes of many people because, forsooth! it is able to show that it supplies as many gallons per head per diem as certain provincial water companies. As though the conditions which obtain in the East End were on all fours with those of a provincial town! Two years ago the Secretary of the East London Company assured the writer of this note that if the Company had been allowed to undertake certain works a year earlier than it was permitted to do it would then have been in a position to store sufficient water to give a good supply. Yet in 1898 we have a repetition of the old scandal.

A remarkable County Cricket Season ends with the capture of the Championship by Yorkshire. Altogether Yorkshire stands at the head of the list by right of first-rate play all round. Lord Hawke showed his resource as Captain when he compelled Brown to forego the chance of making the record of the year. Had the same course been adapted with Hayward when Surrey played against Lancashire, Surrey might have saved one drawn game. Yorkshire has won 16 games out of 26 played, 3 being lost and 7 drawn. Brown and Tunnicliffe's partnership, with its record of 554 runs, was a magnificent bit of work. Yorkshire, again, is fortunate in the possession of Rhodes, a young bowler of admirable performance this year and of exceeding promise for the future. In his Jubilee year, it is noteworthy that Dr. Grace heads the Gloucester list of runs and averages. Next year, it is understood, he will not attempt to play regularly.

Félicien Rops is dead; Europe has lost a great artist. From the beginning of his career he seems to have been possessed by a certain type of woman's beauty, which he rendered with an extraordinary power and passion. Years ago we heard that he was suffering from a disease of the spinal marrow, which sometimes afflicts the neurotic. Guy de Maupassant suffered from a form of the same disease. Now they are both at rest, having done their work. With that we must be satisfied—for us men "ripeness is all."

## AN IMPERIAL UTOPIAN.

WHEN all this solid earth has been explored and exploited there will still remain one alluring region for adventurous feet. Utopia, the land of the rose-coloured islands at the gateways of the Dawn, has an enduring fascination for the dreamers and the young, and when travellers return thence with tidings of their discoveries this old, grey, sinful world is thrilled with hope. Visions of a new heaven and a new earth wherein shall dwell righteousness rise up swiftly, and for a moment the hearts of men rejoice with an exceeding great joy. This is well; for however evanescent these visions may be they still remind men of their youth and of their ideals; they pluck us for a moment out of the overwhelming slough of modern pessimism. It was for these reasons, without doubt, that the Tsar's rescript evoked such immediate praise and received such instant welcome throughout the world this week.

Soon, very soon, however, the hosannas have given place to a doubting silence, followed by scathing criticism. There are even those who regard this rescript of the Tsar as a little trick—the confidence trick—which he seeks to play upon a credulous Europe. That is not in the least likely, for he is young and gentle-hearted, and with a certain feebleness both physical and mental—the kind of youth, indeed, who inevitably drifts towards Utopia. Had he been born in the hut of a mujik, this Tsar of All the Russias would most certainly have been a Nihilist, and his dreams, instead of receiving the praise of Europe, would have landed him in Siberia. The Tsar is honest; but he would be a very simple-minded man who would claim honesty for the Tsar's Ministers. It is more probable that this Imperial Utopian is a mere tool in their hands; the thought is his, but they have chosen the psychological moment. For years, no doubt, the Tsar has had this desire for a League of Peace in his mind, but he has never been permitted to utter it. Russia was not ready to forego the spoil which she coveted in Northern China, but now that this spoil, thanks to the supineness of Lord Salisbury, has been acquired, now that her exchequer is low and her expenditure enormously increased, now that famine stalks abroad and the harvest in Russia has failed, the Tsar receives a hint from his Ministers that the hour for Universal Peace has come. The astute Count Mouravieff is even ready to assist his young master to create this Utopia, and M. de Witte, careful of the exchequer, stands by with the smile of approval.

It is the cleverest thieves who are most easily tracked, and it was the exceeding deftness with which the psychological moment had been chosen which first started suspicion of the scheme in this country. The bishops, and the salvationists, and all the sentimentalists are still busy with their hosannas, of course, but there is not a man in England who has to deal practically with affairs who believes that this scheme is honest. Why, he asks himself, was this moment chosen by Russia to declare in favour of peace? Has not her policy for years past, in the Far East especially, made directly for war? She has been aggressive, unscrupulous, untruthful in her dealings with China, with Japan and with England; she scared Japan out of the Liao-tung peninsula, and claimed it for herself; she bluffed England out of Manchuria, and she now claims it for her sphere of influence. In all this policy of spoliation there was no sign of peace, nothing that suggested the temper of conciliation. If we had had a statesman with grit at our Foreign Office the Tsar's government would have received an ultimatum months ago, and even Lord Salisbury could not have withstood the indignation of the country many weeks longer. At an early date there must have been war between this country and Russia, with the alternative that Russia should give up her pretensions in Northern China and her sinister policy at Peking. The issue was clear, but Count Mouravieff evades it by coming forward smilingly with this evangel from his august master. "Let us forget all the past," he seems to say, "all the lies I have told, all the tricks I have played upon you. Think no more of the fortifications at Batoum or Port Arthur, trouble no more about the huge navy Russia is building. We

have worried each other a great deal lately. Let us have peace—now that I have got the spoil." It is all very pretty and very pleasing, but this form of repentance at the eleventh hour is not likely to deceive any man of sense in England. From the patriotic English point of view this rescript is a fraud.

In France the reception of the Tsar's gospel has been still more damning. For the first day or two after the rescript was published it was the mode in Paris to praise the gentleness and the generosity of the Imperial Utopian. Gradually, however, the full significance of the new gospel is being grasped. If there is to be Universal Peace, what becomes of the twenty-eight years' preparation for revenge? Are we to raze those great fortresses on the Eastern frontier? Is Alsace-Lorraine to pass finally and for ever to Germany? It was thought of the *revanche* which roused the French enthusiasm for Russia, and made Russian loans so popular in France—and now this people, which has waited so long and sacrificed so much, is called upon to forget all the past, to reduce its armaments, to forego its revenge, to lose its provinces and enter into a league of peace with its enemy. It is a bitter wakening from a splendid dream; for there is no doubt that France counted upon the help of Russia when the time came for her to attack Germany. Even if this proposed League of Peace should fail, as it certainly will fail, of practical outcome, the relations of France and Russia can never be as they have been. France will feel sore at being thus flouted before all Europe, the old wounds will be reopened, her single-handed helplessness will be more than ever apparent.

Of the other European Powers it may safely be said that they will agree to enter the Conference. The statesmen of Europe know very well that they have nothing to gain by considering this Utopian scheme; but on the other hand, except in the case of France, they have nothing to lose. In mere politeness to the young war-lord who can set in motion so many millions of armed men, they will gather to discuss his proposal for reduced armament and the proclamation of a universal peace. At the very outset, however, they will be confronted with difficulties. To reduce the armaments of the nations is all very well, but in what proportion, and under what armed authority is the decision to be enforced? Would it not be found necessary to hand over all the armies and warships to some kind of Committee of Public Safety, so that this Committee might disband and destroy with even-handedness? Still, some kind of small army would be required to reinforce the police, but how would it be constituted, and above all, where would it be situated? We require an army to hold India; would it be supplied by this European Committee of Public Safety? Above all, how is this Conference going to define what constitutes a nation's armament? Under certain conditions a river may form quite as good a means of defence as a fortress, and the railway that looks so innocent in time of peace (say the Trans-Siberian Railway) may be a deadly weapon in time of war. The narrow seas that surround these islands of ours constitute our strongest armament; would we be required under this League of Peace to abolish the English Channel? It is such questions as these which reveal the inherent impracticability of a scheme which commends itself only to the hysterical sentimentalists. And if we pass from the plan itself to the men who are to organize and establish it, our doubts as to its feasibility are hardened into certainty. It will fail, not because the statesmen of Europe are not anxious for peace, but because they have no confidence in each other. "How are we to know," they will ask themselves, "what trickery underlies this fair show of peace?" And if the statesmen agreed to a plan of disarmament the old, grizzled, un-sentimental generals would certainly not do so. "How are we to know," they would ask themselves, "what defences our neighbours are constructing secretly behind this river or those mountains?" And so the whole scheme, beautiful and desirable though it be, will tumble to pieces like the Utopian card-house that it is. For the Powers who cannot agree to bring order out of chaos in the little island of Crete, who have even failed miserably to find a Governor, will never combine to

enforce a scheme which includes the disarmament of Europe.

But the greatest obstacle to the in-bringing of any such Utopian dream is that old sinner, man himself. If his Imperial Majesty Nicholas II. had the power to issue a rescript which would effect the Abolition of Human Nature, his scheme, as outlined in the other rescript, would have a chance of success; but not till then. For although man, in his civilised state, loves peace and goodwill, it is just as certain that he loves a good scrimmage. It is in his blood, that desire for a fight, and must get forth. Nineteen centuries of the Christian religion—a religion instituted by the Prince of Peace—seems to have intensified rather than quenched that passion for fighting. And it could hardly be quenched if a Christ dwelt and preached in every street of every city in Europe. It persists, this passion of the clenched fist, and there must be some reason why it persists, some natural and wholesome reason. And any one who is not by nature a weakling or a sentimentalist knows that fighting is not an altogether bad thing; it has its baser side, as all things have, but it has also a noble side. Would Englishmen have stood in such a forward place among the nations, as to-day they stand, if they had not been fighters from their youth up? Would they have been so fit for the struggle of commerce if their fibre had not been formed in the struggle of war? These are the questions which present themselves when we are called upon to endorse a scheme devised in Russia by an Imperial Utopian. The scheme, we say, is excellent—that is, if men were not men, but little wooden puppets, which an autocrat could place where he pleased. But in England here we still prefer to be men, to fight when we feel like it, and to retain a good dose of our original Human Nature.

#### SOME UNWRITTEN SOUDAN CHAPTERS.

LAST week we promised to give some account of the warfare in the Soudan which would explain the Sirdar's unwillingness to let the truth be told about the present campaign. Secrecy, Major Griffiths observed, in the "Fortnightly" article to which we then referred, has ever been a guiding principle with the Sirdar as with all good military commanders. No one will deny it, and no one will object to the Sirdar's caution last winter in cloaking up his proposed advance. News travels fast in the Soudan, and the Khalifa has spies all along the river, from Cairo to Khartoum. Secrecy, by all means, in such a case as the preparation for that "smashing of the Mahdi" which Gordon told Sir Evelyn Baring thirteen years ago would eventually be necessary. But there are other reasons why correspondents have been muzzled in such wars as those which this country has waged in the Soudan. Things have been done, have had to be done, by British officers and British soldiers which would not bear the telling; the news was suppressed at the time of their occurrence. And for good reason. The commander of an army in the field has as much as he can manage on his hands to carry things through without interference from arm-chair critics at home. He does not want more instructions than are absolutely essential; he does not particularly hanker after publicity in the newspapers; above all, he wants Exeter Hall kept entirely outside his sphere of influence. Exeter Hall is his *bête noir*.

Now, strange to say, Exeter Hall, on the whole, has been most successfully kept at arm's length by all the commanding officers who have conducted the long series of ferocious campaigns in the Soudan, whether on the Nile or at Suakin. This has been, for the commanding officers, and for the interests of the country at large, a most fortunate thing. Events and incidents occurred, especially in the earlier battles of the war up to 1885, which, had they been made known, would have convulsed Exeter Hall as it has never been convulsed before. The fact that Mr. Gladstone himself was, so to speak, tarred with the Exeter Hall brush made the position of all who were actively engaged in fighting Mahdism still more delicate. Here, according to him, were people "struggling to be free." He did not know, what we all know now, that Mahdism was no struggle to be free, but the successful effort made by a band of ignorant, lascivious, debauched fanatics and

liars to impose, under the name of religion, their yoke upon millions of other deluded fanatics. Here, to quote from Father Ohrwalder's narrative of his captivity, is a picture of the Mahdi, the leader of the people "struggling to be free," which would hardly please Exeter Hall. "Let us turn to the Mahdi's harem," says the reverend Father. "Here is a true picture of what my friends there beheld: the Mahdi, reclining on a magnificent carpet, his head propped up by a pillow covered with gold brocade. He is clothed in linen garments of the finest texture, his shaved head covered with a fakia of embroidered silk. Upwards of thirty women stand around him: some fan him with great ostrich feathers, others gently rub his feet without in any way disturbing his slumbers; others gently smooth his hands, and Aisha, his favourite, lies beside him covering his head and neck in loving embraces." Slatin, Ohrwalder's companion in years of captivity, sums up Mahdism in a few lines:—"Openly the Mahdi showed himself a strict observer of his own teachings, but within their houses he, his Khalifas and their relatives entered into the wildest excesses, drunkenness, riotous living, and debauchery of every sort; and they satisfied to their fullest extent the vicious passions which are so prevalent among the Soudanese."

Hypocrisy, fanaticism, ferocity—these, under the all-embracing name of religion, were always, from the beginning, the three characteristics of Mahdism—a dangerous combination to tackle, whether by diplomacy or by arms. In the matter of hypocrisy, no doubt European diplomacy found the contest familiar and even congenial. The Khalifa has not been able to go one better than the Khedive's advisers in statecraft. But of this there has not been a great show on either side. It has been quite impossible to negotiate in any way with the Khalifa. It has been from first to last a simple matter of sheer fighting. In the early wars the fighting was done by us in the "rescue-and-retire" principle—the one absolutely fatal principle on which to conduct wars with such a people. As a direct consequence the battles become more and more desperate and sanguinary. Moncrieff's battle near Suakin in 1883; Valentine Baker's defeat at El Teb in 1884; Graham's victories at El Teb and Tamaai; the surprise at McNeill's zereba; Abu Klea; Gabat—all these battles made a steady *crescendo* of intensity and ferocity. One of the most sanguinary of all was McNeill's zereba, where, in less than twenty minutes' fighting, over 2000 men were killed, taking both sides together.

Now it was found at the very outset, when Osman Digna first arrived in the Suakin district as the Mahdi's apostle, that the Dervishes were not men who could be fought in the manner customary to civilisation. It was not a matter of manœuvring, or "coming into action at 1000 yards," or anything of that kind. The Dervish method of fighting was something much more simple. The enemy being sighted, banners are raised, swords are drawn, spears are poised, and the whole force goes straight at him. That was what Mahmud Pasha Taher and Commander Moncrieff had not realised when, on 4 November, 1883, they took 550 Egyptians from Suakin towards Tokar. One hundred and fifty Dervishes completely routed them. Moncrieff was among the killed. Suakin was paralysed, stiff with terror. Then poor Valentine Baker, our former dashing Colonel of Hussars, was commissioned by the Khedive to retrieve this disaster. His Egyptians were slaughtered at El Teb like sheep; they fled, they knelt on the desert, raising their hands in prayer, stretching forth their necks to the sword. There was no quarter for Egyptians or English; their heads rolled in the sand; their bodies were smitten through and through with spears. Hicks had perished with a great army in far-away Kordofan. It was the same there. England was roused. Two armies led by English officers had suffered complete defeat, in one case annihilation. Gerald Graham was sent out, and now for the first time the English private soldier joined battle with the Dervish; now for the first time he learned what manner of fighting man was the fuzzy-wuzzy. And from that time must be dated the "unwritten chapters" of Soudanese warfare. From that time Tommy Atkins became familiar with slaughter in a form new to him—the slaughter of women and the slaughter of wounded

3 September, 1898

men. It sounds terrible. All warfare is terrible ; Soudan warfare is a horror beyond words.

After one of those early battles—a tremendous fight, hand to hand, bayonet to spear, in a whirlwind of dust through which the fighters caught glimpses of flashing steel and waving banners, while the heavy air was rent by the rattle of musketry and screams of passion—a party of soldiers, with a reporter or two among them, were standing over one of the enemy's dead. "Why, it's a woman!" said one of the soldiers, some Tommy who had sisters at home, maybe ; "what a bloomin' shame it seems now, don't it?" One of the reporters thought the same, and said so. But there was also present an officer, long resident at Suakin, who knew the ways of the faithful, and he said to the reporter : "You see what she's got in her hand?" "A stick." "Yes ; and do you know what she would have done with it?" The reporter did not know, but he presumed she was going to fight with it. No, she was not going to fight with it. She intended to use it on some wounded unbeliever in an indescribable manner, so that when he appeared in the next world he should look ridiculous. Every soldier to whom that explanation of the "dead women with sticks" was given changed his views as to the pity of their slaughter. In any case, as the women came on with the men in headlong charge, and could not be distinguished from them, down they went. This slaughter of women was not taken up to any extent as a subject by Exeter Hall, owing presumably to the circumstances under which they were killed, but it was one of the first motives which led commanders in the field in the Soudan to become anxious as to the special telegrams of the war correspondents attached to headquarters.

This slaughter of women was bad enough ; but worse remained behind—the slaughter of wounded men. In these same early battles, before the Dervish realised, as there is reason to believe he did eventually realise, that the infidel was, unlike himself, capable of humanity, no quarter was universal on both sides. For the infidel, of course, wounded or not, there never was any quarter ; no wounded man ever escaped Dervish sword or spear. The English troops soon realised this. After the desperate struggle at McNeill's zereba, after the severest of the fighting was over, an officer of one of the regiments was crossing the blood-stained enclosure. A wounded Dervish who was lying as if dead, seeing the young officer pass near, raised himself on one hand and with the other threw his spear. In a moment the officer lay gasping out his life, and in another moment the Dervish received the "coup de grace" from one of the men. The regiment did not forget the incident. The effect of the Dervish mode of attack upon the English regiments was remarkable. There could be no severer ordeal for any troops. Incredible though it seemed, these men of the desert never hesitated to charge with sword and spear. They were mowed down by the Martini-Henry rifle and by the Gatling guns, but those who escaped the deadly hail still came right up to the bayonets, into the zereba or the square, and there died fighting. But those who were not slain outright, what of them? Was there any mention of the Dervish wounded in those early battles? There was not ; there could not be.

Now, there is no braver, kinder man in the world than the army doctor. In his extemporised field-hospital, often under a heavy fire, with a hastily thrown-up screen of commissariat cases, pack-saddles, water-tanks, or whatever came handy, he performed miracles ; he was ready to minister to the wants of all wounded men. He was anxious to tend and dress the wounded Dervish whenever one might be brought in. But no wounded Dervish ever was. It was as much as any one's life was worth to go near a wounded Dervish. He would lie on the ground, glaring about him like a wild beast. Approach him, and out came his curved ham-stringing knife. With it he would make vicious sweeps, any one of which would maim you for life. It is not possible in the terrific stress of Soudan warfare to detail fatigue parties to overcome the resistance of wounded men and bear them to the field hospital. Hundreds died of their wounds as they lay on the battlefield, and those that did not die of their wounds had to be put out of their misery. Terrible stories are told

of this dire necessity. Those know best who have been engaged in battle with the Dervish what happened after the fighting was over, and how the problem of dealing with the enemy's wounded was solved. In the campaign of 1885 parties of English soldiers, commanded by English officers, used to go out to kill the wounded. One private prodded the helpless body between his shoulders with his bayonet. If there was no movement the party went on ; if the Dervish proved alive and squirmed, another private instantly blew his brains out. In one case, remarkable for its inevitable cold-blooded horror, it is said, the troops inside a zereba, the night after one of the most desperate of the battles, were driven to madness by the voice of a wounded warrior who lay outside amidst heaps of slain. All night a groaning cry of "Allah ! Allah !" rose into the silent night. Not the fierce sharp ring of the word when it is the war-cry for headlong charge, but an imploring despairing moan ; hour after hour that one word only. "For God's sake silence that man"—that was the feeling of all. Council was held as to how it could be done. Soon three men were told off to get upon the sandbags of the little redoubt at the corner of the zereba, and when the moon came out from behind the clouds, to fire volleys in the direction from which the cry came. The volleys were fired, but the cry went on. Finally it ceased. Whether the man was thus silenced or not was not ascertained, but in the morning there were only dead men in that part of the field. There were others, however, still alive. They could not be tended. Another story was current in those terrible days of how an officer, going up to a group of surgeons round a wounded Dervish, and inquiring what was the matter, was told that nothing could be done with him, no one could approach him. He lay there with his knife out, ready with one of those sweeping ham-stringing cuts for any one who dared to come near. Whereupon the officer, still under the blood-madness of the fight, and "seeing red," whipped out his own knife, avoided the rapid sweep of the wounded man's weapon, and drove his own to his heart.

Such are some of the incidents of Soudan warfare. As said above, the Dervish has learned to know us better, and has become tamer ; but the problem of dealing with his wounded must still remain. Was there any mention of Dervish wounded after the battle of the Atbara this year? And are there many of them in the hospitals at the rear? The correspondents have always remained strangely silent upon this subject. It has been denied in Parliament, we believe, that ever such things as we have described took place. Well, Ministers are not less hypocritical than the rest of us, and possibly some of them knew that these things did happen. Whether they knew it or not, there are dozens of men, like the writer of this article, who know that they happened—*because we were there and saw them*. They do not make pleasant reading. But our military commanders in Egypt cannot be blamed for them ; they are the cost of going to war with such a people.

#### THE FALL OF WOLSELEY.

THREE years ago flourishes of journalistic trumpets and rolls of newspaper drums proclaimed the appointment of Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief of the British army. If a few of the drums were muffled it was not because his ability to fill the post was in any way doubted. On the contrary, we believed him to be the right man in the right place. Seniority did not matter, superior services may have been forgotten. His career spoke his credentials and war correspondents had endorsed his career. Some shrewd thinkers, even some experienced military men, are not as enthusiastic as the scribes, and the muffled drums, hardly heard amid the music of popular satisfaction, sounded a note of regret for the parting guest. However, as effete machinery must make way for modern invention, so had the "old fogey" to give place to our dashing "only general." The Duke of Cambridge was supposed to hate change : he was behind the times and so on. Lord Wolseley was going to reform the army, to decrease its cost, in fact to perform all those deeds for the public advantage which the new man invariably promises and rarely performs. We ourselves strongly supported him, hoping that he would prove less pliable

by the Court and society than Lord Roberts, upon whom domestic influences have long played with anything but happy results.

But what has he done to justify all the encomiums passed on him in advance? How has the army, how has the public, benefited by the alteration which was to bring us a sort of military millennium? We seem as far off as ever. True, certain advanced radicals may feel comforted by the fact that the reasonable stipend of £4500 per annum no longer reaches a Royal pocket, but to do the ex-Commander-in-Chief justice he seems to have been as well worth his pay at the venerable age of seventy-five as Lord Wolseley is in the full vigour of his comparative youth.

The subdued grumbles which led to the unwilling retirement of the Duke would seem to be equally well founded to-day. Our army costs more than it did three years ago, if the estimates are to be relied on, and the expenses are still on the up line. In fact our handful of soldiers costs considerably more to maintain than the Russian army of nearly double the number. Nor on the score of efficiency can the extra outgoing be justified, considering that it is within the knowledge of everybody who cares to inquire that our cavalry are always short of horses. Why this should be, only the powers at the Horse Guards can explain. If the reason be one of expense the argument could be extended until we had no cavalry at all, or, to go further still, until we accepted the manifesto of the Tsar and gave up an army altogether. But this is not what the friends—and he has many—of the Commander-in-Chief predicted. According to them we were to have a better army and a cheaper than under the rule of the stationary Duke. We have not. On the contrary, everything is in a less satisfactory condition than when the brilliant new man of advanced and economical ideas took up the reins of management.

Perhaps, however, when we were promised a better army, the prophets meant better from the aspect of morals and manners. And Lord Wolseley's recent memorandum tends to confirm that impression. After floundering about for three years in search of something within his capability to improve, his domestic eye fell upon the barrack-room and on Regent's Park. Instead of consulting any of the 1500 general officers, of whom four-fifths draw pay and do nothing for it, he has apparently gone outside his own profession, and sought inspiration from General Booth. Hence the paternal advice lately disseminated in the army. The Commander-in-Chief, in the plenitude of his wisdom, has ordained "that it is the duty of company officers to point out to the men under their control, and particularly to young soldiers, the disastrous effects of giving way to habits of intemperance and immorality." This from the sage of the Horse Guards! His vast experience abroad, his adventures in Ireland, the dangers he has passed through and his comparative repose at Whitehall, have satisfied him that intemperance and immorality in young men are apt to be disastrous! Nor is this all that this ingenuous Commander-in-Chief has to say upon the social condition of Tommy Atkins. He orders that "Officers should do their utmost to promote a cleanly and moral tone amongst the men, and to ensure that all rowdyism and obscenity in word or action is (*sic*) kept in check." Fastidious people who have learnt this catechism might criticise the first part of this edict for lack of originality, while ordinary police-fearing citizens will recognise the catholicism of the remainder. And when we dive further into this, we hope, uncalled-for memorandum, we find such unpleasant subjects dealt with in such an unpleasant manner that it really cannot be decently discussed. Lord Wolseley evidently (and who is more experienced than he?) entertains a very poor opinion of his men, since he considers it advisable to impress upon his officers the urgent necessity of uniting missionary with their military duties. Curiously enough, no one thought so badly of Tommy Atkins until the Commander-in-Chief took the whole world into his confidence, and it would be interesting to know what makes him think that respectably brought-up young men are deterred from entering the army from the belief "that barrack-room life is such that no decent lad can submit to it without loss of character or self-respect." We

must confess we never heard of this until Lord Wolseley betrayed the secret, and we are rather sorry to have been enlightened—provided, of course, that it is true.

Having carefully instilled a moral régime into the service—so far as it is likely to be instilled by this treacherous memorandum—the Commander-in-Chief proceeded to devote himself to manners. The religious points having been settled with due reference to the Bible and Prayer-book, he appears to have turned to the "Answers to Correspondents" in the "Gentlewoman." From this, or some analogous source, he discovered that ladies and gentlemen do not nowadays walk the streets arm-in-arm, and, being a parental Field-marshal, he applied his discovery to the advantage of the army. Hence the decree promulgated to several, if not all, line battalions, "that in future no soldier will be allowed to walk arm-in-arm in the street with a female." This is rather hard on the nursemaid, but the "Book of Etiquette" must nowadays be read with the "Soldier's Pocket-book," and the baby and perambulator will benefit from the enforced abstention. Lord Wolseley's mind is nothing if not domestic, and this supreme attention to the minutiae of his profession bids fair to raise the tone of our army to the level of that of the Salvation Army. But, taking it all in all, is it not rather trifling work?

We have treated this matter in perhaps a scoffing spirit: who can help scoffing when Lord Wolseley's fatuous decrees are seriously put forward as reforms? Yet the matter is sad enough. That such a man, filled with such fervent enthusiasms and ideals, should so quickly have yielded to the terrible power of Court and society is tragic. Wolseley has fallen; his career is already at an end. He might have won a great name for himself; but he has shown himself as devoid of moral courage as he did on that famous occasion when Lord Salisbury trounced him in the House of Lords, and he took his whipping in silence. And more lamentable than even the fall of Lord Wolseley is the condition of the English Army, and its prospects. Will we always remain such snobs as to put up with an inefficient army because the wives of our "reformers" wish to become great society personages? After the Wolseley collapse it seems only too likely. Some day we may suffer just such a crushing defeat as Spain suffered lately. Then, and not till then, the English people will get tired of the present order of things and abruptly end it for ever.

#### THE NEW DANGER TO THE CHURCH.

THE Church is passing through a critical period of her history. Astonishing revelations as to the perils which beset her on every side have been disclosed by the events of the last few months. First of all, there burst out the pent-up thunder of violent Protestant reaction, which found its vent in a series of scandalous and outrageous interferences at Divine service. And then, before people had recovered from the shock, a flood of light was as suddenly thrown upon the internal dissensions of the Church herself. What at first appeared to be a fanatical campaign against candlesticks, conducted in very bad taste by a handful of notoriety-hunters, has turned out on closer inspection to be a mere outside agitation which pales beside the bitter domestic strife that is raging amongst the clergy themselves.

Religion has been provocative of an extraordinary display of ferocity and backbiting. The turn of a phrase, or even so small and insignificant a thing as a letter of the alphabet, has been attacked with an outburst of fierce, ungovernable hatred to which the pen of a Swift or a Macaulay could not render adequate justice. Witness the wild and almost incredible conduct of Mr. Kensit. Because the officiating clergyman chooses to carry a crucifix in procession, Mr. Kensit, throwing every shade of decorous—one is almost tempted to say Christian—feeling to the winds, rushes off to the church like any common brawler, insults the priest by an act of unwarrantable physical violence, and shouts his unseemly observations on ritual to the congregation. And the reason of this indecent behaviour is simply that Mr. Kensit dislikes crucifixes, that he is dissatisfied with the number and size of the candles in use, and that he objects to an acolyte ringing a bell. It is almost

incredible that the teaching of Christ should have come down to a vulgar squabble about the lighting and furnishing of places of worship. If Mr. Kensit were acting up to some high moral precept connected with the foundations of his religion, if he had shown a determination to set an example and live the life of a real Christian, and were being martyred in consequence, then he would have our sympathies. But this hair-splitting about outward forms and symbols, this straining at a gnat while swallowing a camel, is merely disgusting, and the only wonder is that an intellectual person—by which we do not mean to impeach Mr. Kensit—has ever been found to take part in it. If Mr. Kensit has no sense of the beautiful and his eye is offended by decoration and imposing ritual, there are scores of churches to which he may go without the fear of meeting with any spectacular attractions, and which will not impose upon his unimaginative susceptibilities the necessity of disturbing the tastes of other people.

But the ritualists are nearly as bad. If the meddlesome Protestant reformers officially headed by Mr. Kensit go to one extreme, they go to the other. They are disputing just as hotly amongst themselves as with the lay enemy. The latest piece of fantastic absurdity, and one which is stirring up much of the bad blood that so often distinguishes religious controversy, is the proposed introduction of the confessional into the Church of England. If anybody thinks he will feel any better for pouring his confidences into the ear of a priest, we can see no earthly reason why he should not do so. The objection that clergymen would learn things they ought not to know is too ridiculous to be discussed. The same thing might just as well be said about our judges. The clergy of the Roman Church have listened to confessions for a good many centuries, and we do not believe they are worse morally than their colleagues of the English Church. The men who are placed in these positions are supposed to teach us, and not to take their instruction from us. But a great deal of nonsense has been talked about the duty of obedience. It is good to learn from a teacher; it is not good to believe in his infallibility and follow rigorously his every instruction. One cannot think what one is told to think. When we are told about obedience we ask, obedience to whom? Surely Canon Gore does not actually maintain that anybody could owe obedience to—we will say—a bishop who had taken to the Church instead of Company-promoting, in order through intrigue and backstair influence to get jobbed on to the episcopal bench. There are circumstances in which material welfare demands a strict discipline, as in respect to the army, or navy, or civil service. But it is some centuries since Englishmen insisted upon moral freedom, and we can scarcely believe that at the close of this enlightened century a dignitary of the Church could have the hardihood to insist upon obedience from her adherents. That is a primitive notion which might be usefully employed in Central Africa, but in this country its expression is supremely ridiculous. The Church is in a perilous position, and not the least danger which threatens her is the foolish pretentiousness of some of her servants.

#### THE TRUE SHAKESPEARE.

##### AN ESSAY IN REALISTIC CRITICISM.—PART VII.

WHILE considering the personages of Shakespeare in which the poet has revealed himself most completely and most indubitably I naturally omitted some creations which are no less characteristic perhaps, though for one reason or another less easy to identify with the creator. I may now return on my steps so to speak, and beginning with the earliest plays point out the characters which discover the master, however faintly or feebly. Professor Dowden says, and Dr. Brandes agrees with him, that in "Love's Labour's Lost," Shakespeare's earliest comedy, we can catch in Biron not infrequently the accent of Shakespeare himself. But Biron is scarcely a character; he is more interested in language than in love itself, and he appears to have no other likings or dislikings save indeed a wholesome contempt of study. He plays with words till they revenge themselves by obscuring his wit; he is full of the high spirits of youth; but he shows us rather the form and pressure of the

Renascence than the features of Shakespeare. The truth, perhaps, is that at this time Shakespeare's character was scarcely formed enough for portraiture, or perhaps he was still too youthful-timid to paint himself intimately, but Rosaline pictures him for us as he desired to appear:

"A merrier man,  
Within the limits of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal.  
His eye begets occasion for his wit;  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,  
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished,  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

Shakespeare's wit we knew, his mirth too, and that his discourse was voluble and sweet enough to ravish youthful ears and enthrall the aged we can easily believe. He must have been one of the best talkers in the world, and his tales, as Rosaline says, may well have made the gravest play truant. Even at twenty-four or twenty-five, too, he was wise enough to laugh at learning: "Study evermore is overshot," and so forth, which we might compare with Goethe's

"Einen Blick in's Buch hinein und zwei in's Leben  
Das muss die rechte Form dem Geiste geben."

But Shakespeare had this insight as a boy.

Dr. Brandes tells us that in Biron and his Rosaline we have the first hesitating sketch of the masterly Benedick and Beatrice of "Much Ado about Nothing"; but in this I think Dr. Brandes goes a little too far. Unformed as Biron is, he is Shakespeare in early youth, whereas Benedick resembles rather a sketch from life: Beatrice, too, is a woman of a very distinct type, whereas Rosaline has no existence beyond her name. A certain similarity rather of situation than of character seems to have misled Dr. Brandes in this instance. Every reader has, of course, noticed that Shakespeare is limited even in his selection of incidents, and this limitation throws a certain light upon his temperament. For example in his last three dramas, "The Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline" and "The Tempest," he has worked up themes which he had used before. The "Hero" incident in "Much Ado about Nothing" is used again in "A Winter's Tale," and "Viola" in "Twelfth Night" is not to be distinguished from the "Imogen" of "Cymbeline." Curiously enough, "As you like it," which most nearly resembles "The Tempest" in outline, has in it elements of all the three dramas, and accordingly "As you like it" seems to me to be the happiest of Shakespeare's comedies. This matter need not be pursued further here; I only touch on it to show that as every road leads to Rome so every slightest touch in a work of art necessarily reveals the artist. It would be possible, I think, to settle the chronology of the plays, and perhaps more important questions, by the ever-varying peculiarities of vocabulary and phrase.

In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" I find Shakespeare portraying himself very deliberately in Valentine, the protagonist of the play, as Biron was the protagonist of "Love's Labour's Lost." The two or three most marked traits of Valentine are marked characteristics of Shakespeare in all his later portraits. I have already drawn attention to Valentine's insomnia and also to the fact that as soon as "false perjured Proteus" confesses his sin Valentine forgives him with a kindly gentleness which may be called Shakespeare's birth-mark. There is another trait which belongs to Shakespeare as well as to Valentine and which we have not yet touched upon—his love of nature and his preference of the country to the city. Not only do his comedies lead us continually from the haunts of men to the forest and stream, but his tragedies also. He turns to nature, indeed, in all times of stress and trouble as the neuropath alone turns to it for its healing unconsciousness, its perpetual changes that can be foreseen and reckoned upon, and that yet bring fresh interests and gentle surprises, and in times of health and happiness he pictures the pleasant earth and its diviner beauties with the acutest sympathy. There is scarcely a trait in Shakespeare more marked than this to which Valentine gives musical utterance,—

"This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses and record my woes."

Is it mere coincidence, too, or some subtle prevision of soul that induces him to portray Valentine as deceived by his friend. However that may be, the words Valentine uses when he discovers that Proteus is working against him are exquisitely characteristic of Shakespeare :—

"The private wound is deep'st : time most accurst,  
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst.'  
I could labour this point almost without end, but I can leave it now ; for when I handle Shakespeare's life I shall have to deal at length with his deception by a friend. These two earliest comedies seem to prove that from the beginning of his career Shakespeare tried to reveal himself.

The next character which I shall take as discovering Shakespeare is Troilus in "Troilus and Cressida." I have already pointed out in the case of Lorenzo in "The Merchant of Venice" how Shakespeare loves to play the lover, but Troilus is a better instance of this temperamental bias. Troilus is as melancholy as Jaques, as much in love with love as the Duke of "Twelfth Night" himself. His speeches in the first scene of the first act are characteristic of Shakespeare. Addressing Pandarus he cries,—

"I tell thee, I am mad  
In Cressid's love : thou answer'st, 'she is fair' ;  
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart  
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice ;  
Handlest in thy discourse,—O, that ; her hand !  
In whose comparison all whites are ink  
Writing their own reproach ; to whose soft seizure  
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense  
Hard as the palm of ploughman!—this thou tell'st me,  
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her ;  
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me  
The knife that made it."

And then he falls into a soliloquy :—

"Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,  
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we ?  
Her bed is India ; there she lies, a pearl :  
Between our Ilium and where she resides  
Let it be called the wild and wandering flood ; (1)  
Ourself the merchant ; and this sailing Pandar,  
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark."

To those who still doubt, weightier proofs can be given. In expectation of love's enjoyment Troilus fears that the ecstasy itself may be beyond the capacity of his endurance, exactly as in Sonnet xxiii. Shakespeare fears that he will be

"O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might." The sonnet is in every one's remembrance, but the soliloquy of Troilus is just as characteristic :—

"I'm giddy ; expectation whirls me round.  
The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchant's my sense : what will it be,  
When that the watery palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice repur'd nectar ! Death, I fear me ;  
Swooning destruction ; or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, tuned t o sharp in sweetness  
For the capacity of my ruder powers."

And if Troilus shows the same extremity of passion that distinguishes the poet of the Sonnets, so he also shows the same intellectual fairness, the lofty impartiality of vision that Shakespeare displays in all his riper work. In the Sonnets Shakespeare sees his mistress as she is ; passion cannot obscure his vision. Her eyes

"are nothing like the sun ;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red :

\* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> It may be worth while to compare this with "Timon," act v., scene 1 :

"And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their achés, losses,  
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage," I will some kindness do them :

"And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare."

In the same spirit of truth Troilus tells Cressida to "praise us as we are tasted ; allow us as we prove ; our head shall go bare till merit crown it." . . . . And if Troilus' desire for Cressida's constancy, for "a winnedow purity in love" be merely human and not individually characteristic, the great scene in which he witnesses Cressida's falsehood is fired with the personal passion of the poet. He speaks exactly as Hamlet speaks when he follows the ghost ; the similarity of the two scenes ought to have struck every one, but so far as I know has hitherto passed unnoticed by the commentators. When Horatio and his friends try to restrain Hamlet, he says,—

"Unhand me, gentlemen.  
By heav'n I'll make a ghost of him that lets me :—  
I say away."

And when Ulysses, fearing Troilus' madness, asks him to come away, Troilus says,

"I pray thee stay" ;  
and when Ulysses presses again, he says :  
"I pray you stay. By hell and all hell's torments,  
I will not speak a word !"

At the end Hamlet says :—

"Remember thee !  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe."

And in precisely the same spirit, and to an even more solemn music, Troilus replies to Ulysses, who asks him why he stays :—

"To make a recordation to my soul  
Of every syllable that here was spoke."  
And to sum up, Hamlet's great soliloquy, though finer, is not more characteristic of Shakespeare than the last speech of Troilus in this scene :—  
"This she ? no, this is Diomed's Cressida ;  
If beauty have a soul, this is not she :  
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,  
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,  
If there be rule in unity itself,  
This is not she. O madness of discourse,  
That cause sets up with and against thyself !  
Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt  
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason  
Without revolt : this is, and is not, Cressida !

Within my soul there doth conduce a fight  
and so forth. This courtesy, this madness of passion, this high intelligence weighing all things in impartial balances ; putting first in one scale this argument and then a counterbalancing reason in the other, are Shakespeare's permanent characteristics. But is such analysis needed ? Is not the one phrase convincing ?—

"If beauty have a soul, this is not she." If any one doubt whether this line be out of Shakespeare's own heart, let him turn to the third act of this same play, and he will find precisely similar expressions put in the mouth of a servant in contempt of all probability. A servant calls Helen "the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul." The truth is that Troilus is a sort of moon to the sun, Shakespeare, as revealed in "Romeo," in the Duke of "Twelfth Night" and in "Hamlet"—all that he has to say has been better said before, save what he says when witnessing Cressida's betrayal. The drama so-called is a lyric on this theme.

Finally, I may say that no play tells us more of Shakespeare's life than "Troilus and Cressida," but the exposition of this must be reserved for a later article.

FRANK HARRIS.

(To be continued.)

JULES LAFORGUE.

THE works of Jules Laforgue are contained in two volumes, one of about two hundred, the other of about three hundred, pages. The smaller of the two volumes contains the six prose pieces called "Moraltés Légendaires" (1887) ; the larger contains the verse, "Les Complaintes" (1885), "L'Imitation de Notre Dame la Lune" (1886), "Le Concile Féerique" (1886) ; and "Derniers Vers." Last year, M. Camille Mauclair, with his supple instinct for contemporary values, wrote a study, or rather a eulogy, of Laforgue, to which when it appeared as a book, M. Maeterlinck contributed

a few searching and delicate words by way of preface. And, finally, the first volume of an edition of the "Moralités Légendaires" has been published under the care of M. Lucien Pissarro at the sign of the Dial, with Mr. Ricketts' admirable type, of which I have only one complaint to make, that it renders the reading of the rest of Laforgue, in the edition of Vanier, almost a penance.

The prose and verse of Laforgue, scrupulously correct, but with a new manner of correctness, owe more than any one has realised to the half-unconscious prose and verse of Rimbaud. Verse and prose are alike a kind of travesty, making subtle use of colloquialism, slang, neologism, technical terms for their allusive, their factitious, their reflected meanings, with which one can play very seriously. The verse is alert, troubled, swaying, deliberately uncertain, hating rhetoric so piously that it prefers, and finds its piquancy in, the ridiculously obvious. It is really *vers libre*, but at the same time correct verse, before *vers libre* had been invented. And it carries, as far as that theory has ever been carried, the theory which demands an instantaneous notation (Whistler, let us say) of the figure or landscape which one has been accustomed to define with such rigorous exactitude. Verse, always elegant, is broken up into a kind of mockery of prose. The old cadences, the old eloquence, the ingenuous seriousness of poetry, are all banished on a theory as self-denying as that which permitted Degas to dispense with recognisable beauty in his figures. Here, if ever, is modern verse, verse which dispenses with so many of the privileges of poetry, for an ideal quite of its own. It is after all a very self-conscious ideal, becoming artificial through its extreme naturalness; for in poetry it is not "natural" to say things quite so much in the manner of the moment, with however ironical an intention.

The prose of the "Moralités Légendaires" is perhaps even more of a discovery. Finding its origin, as I have pointed out, in the experimental prose of Rimbaud, it carries that manner to a singular perfection. Disarticulated, abstract, mathematically lyrical, it gives expression, in its icy certainty, to a very subtle criticism of the universe, with a surprising irony of cosmical vision. We learn from books of mediaeval magic that the embraces of the devil are of a coldness so intense that it may be called, by an allowable figure of speech, fiery. Everything may be as strongly its opposite as itself, and that is why this balanced, chill, colloquial style of Laforgue has, in the paradox of its intensity, the essential heat of the most obviously emotional prose. The prose is more patient than the verse, with its more compassionate laughter at universal experience. In these always "lunar" parodies, "Salomé," "Lohengrin, Fils de Parsifal," "Persée et Andromède," each a kind of metaphysical myth, he realises that "la créature va hardiment à être cérébrale, anti-naturelle," and he has invented these fantastic puppets with an almost Japanese art of spiritual dislocation. They are, in part, a way of taking one's revenge upon science, by an ironical borrowing of its very terms, which dance in his prose and verse, derisively, at the end of a string.

In his acceptance of the fragility of things as actually a principle of art, Laforgue is a sort of transformed Watteau, showing his disdain for the world which fascinates him, in quite a different way. He has constructed his own world, lunar and actual, speaking slang and astronomy, with a constant disengaging of the visionary aspect, under which frivolity becomes an escape from the arrogance of a still more temporary mode of being, the world as it appears to the sober majority. He is terribly conscious of daily life, cannot omit, mentally, a single hour of the day; and his flight to the moon is in sheer desperation. He sees what he calls "l'Inconscient" in every gesture, but he cannot see it without these gestures. And he sees, not only as an imposition, but as a conquest, the possibilities for art which come from the sickly modern being, with his clothes, his nerves: the mere fact that he flowers from the soil of his epoch.

It is an art of the nerves, this art of Laforgue, and it is what all art would tend towards if we followed our nerves on all their journeys. There is in it all the restlessness of modern life, the haste to escape from

whatever weighs too heavily on the liberty of the moment, that capricious liberty which demands only room enough to hurry itself weary. It is distressingly conscious of the unhappiness of mortality, but it plays, somewhat uneasily, at a disdainful indifference. And it is out of these elements of caprice, fear, contempt, linked together by an embracing laughter, that it makes its existence.

"Il n'y a pas de type, il y a de vie," Laforgue replies to those who come to him with classical ideals. "Votre idéal est bien vite magnifiquement submergé," in life itself, which should form its own art, an art deliberately ephemeral, with the attaching pathos of passing things. There is a great pity at the root of this art of Laforgue: self-pity, which extends, with the artistic sympathy, through mere clearness of vision, across the world. His laughter, which Maeterlinck has defined so admirably as "the laughter of the soul," is the laughter of Pierrot, more than half a sob, and shaken out of him with a deplorable gesture of the thin arms, thrown wide. He is a metaphysical Pierrot, "Pierrot lunaire," and it is of abstract notions, the whole science of the unconscious, that he makes his showman's patter. As it is part of his manner not to distinguish between irony and pity, or even belief, we need not attempt to do so. Heine should teach us to understand at least so much of a poet who could not otherwise resemble him less. In Laforgue, sentiment is squeezed out of the world before one begins to play at ball with it.

And so, of the two, he is the more hopeless. He has invented a new manner of being René or Werther: an inflexible politeness towards man, woman and destiny. He composes love-poems hat in hand, and smiles with an exasperating tolerance before all the transformations of the eternal feminine. He is very conscious of death, but his *blague* of death is, above all things, gentlemanly. He will not permit himself, at any moment, the luxury of dropping the mask: not at any moment.

And yet one realises, if one but reads him attentively enough, how much suffering and despair, and resignation to what is, after all, the inevitable, are hidden away under this disguise, and also why this disguise is possible. Laforgue died at twenty-seven: he had been a dying man all his life, and his work has the fatal evasiveness of those who shrink from remembering the one thing which they are unable to forget. Coming as he does after Rimbaud, turning the divination of the other into theories, into achieved results, he is the eternally grown up, mature to the point of self-negation, as the other is the eternal "enfant terrible." He thinks intensely about life, seeing what is automatic, pathetically ludicrous in it, almost as one might who has no part in the comedy. He has the double advantage, for his art, of being condemned to death, and of being, in the admirable phrase of Villiers, "de ceux qui viennent au monde avec un rayon de lune dans le cerveau."

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE FOLLIES OF ALP CLIMBING.

ON Tuesday last all England was horrified with the news of one of the most terrible Alpine accidents that have happened during the present generation to English climbers. The impression produced by this accident takes our memories back to the year 1865 when, in one fall from the Matterhorn, Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. Hudson and Mr. Hadow, together with their guide, Michel Croz, were dashed to pieces on the glaciers beneath. But in this case there are peculiar circumstances which add to the horror of the catastrophe. In the accident of 1865, terrible as it was, the victims were all full-grown men who took their own lives in their hands and were returning from the first perilous conquest over the great virgin mountain of the Alps. Those four lives were the cost to pay for the conquering of the Matterhorn; and it was the curious caprice of that accident that the most distinguished climber in the party, Mr. Edward Whymper, escaped with his life. But in the accident on the Dent de Veisivi there were none of these modifying circumstances. The task in which the four climbers who perished were engaged possessed little or no heroic quality. The first telegrams gave the peak as the Grande Dent de Veisivi,

a mountain of 11,237 feet near Arolla in the great Val d'Hérens, one of the many side-valleys that run up from the great central valley of the Rhone, to the east of the Lake of Geneva; but a well-informed correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian," writing more fully on Wednesday, informs us that the party were really climbing the Petite Dent de Veisivi, a peak in the same group, and rising to a height of 10,463 feet. Neither are accounted really difficult climbs, and both are reckoned among those which can be attempted by experienced and yet prudent climbers without guides. But it is clear, from the correspondent's account, that the Hopkinson party were varying the route, and intended to descend by a new couloir—perhaps that mentioned by Mr. W. C. Compton in the account of this climb contributed to the "Alpine Journal" of November, 1897. "On the return journey," says Mr. Compton, "one of our party separated from the rest, and found a much shorter descent of a rather uninteresting slope by means of a dry torrent couloir, which terminates abruptly above the white patch of stones visible from Arolla." Perhaps this couloir was full of snow. At any rate, the party must have faced it without ice-axes; for, according to the correspondent, they thought so little of the climb that they left the hotel armed with nothing but a rope. A slip down a couloir is all the more easy because it seems to proclaim no danger and almost invites a slide down its invitingly brief descent. So much for the mountain, which certainly was not what is reckoned by climbers as a first-class peak.

Let us turn to the party. It consisted of Dr. John Hopkinson and his three children, including his son John, twenty-three years of age, and his daughters Alice, nineteen years old, and Lina Evelyn, a year younger. The first two had some experience in climbing; the third had little or none. The father and leader of this party was one of the most distinguished of English scientists. The eldest of a famous family, he had excelled in everything to which he had put his hand. "Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit." Senior Wrangler, First Smith's Prizeman and Fellow of Trinity, he became afterwards a member of the Council of Civil Engineers, President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. But the ordinary observer will not be so deeply touched by the loss to science—which is, after all, but a chill abstraction to most of us—as by the human side of the catastrophe. Dr. Hopkinson was staying at Arolla with his wife and his children enjoying a brief holiday. So little conscious was he of any peril in his undertaking that he had just written to his friend Mr. Lawrence, chairman of the Linotype Company, fixing 9 September as the date of his arrival in Berlin, and 28 September as the date for his departure for America; and yet almost immediately after penning these letters he took three of his children to their doom and left his wife a sorrowing widow and bereaved mother in the valley below.

The whole story must necessarily give pause to those who had trusted to the discretion of our expert English climbers and believed that the sport of Alpine climbing had passed into a safe and steady period. In the face of so great a human tragedy, indeed, our first instinct is silence. "Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt." Censure seems an outrage. One would not lightly intrude with criticism on the grief of a lady so bitterly afflicted as Mrs. Hopkinson or of Mr. Hopkinson's distinguished brother, the present Principal of Owens College of Manchester. But discretion has been the foible of English climbers, and it has been the proud boast of our Alpine Club that their mortality from accident has been reduced almost to extinction. It was only a few days ago that an accident in the Austrian Alps enabled us to go up into the temple and pray, thanking God that we were not so rash as these Austrians are. And yet, curiously enough, that was a case of indiscretion very similar to the case of an expert climber who persuaded a brother to come with him and perished himself in a crevasse, while his companion, half mad with terror, cut the rope between them. The offence of cutting the rope in such a case is rightly regarded among most climbers as an unpardonable crime, but the real blame undoubtedly

rested with the expert, who was unwise enough to trust himself alone on a mountain-side with an inexperienced climber, and thoughtless enough to risk his brother's life. And if we pass this judgment on the Austrian, what are we to say of the Englishman? Dr. Hopkinson was an experienced climber and old member of the Alpine Club, who knew all the perils of his craft, and who was accustomed to guideless climbing. According to his brother, he had climbed this very mountain twice already. The chances of any accident happening to himself on such a mountain as this were probably infinitesimal. But take the extreme case, and suppose that Dr. Hopkinson was as experienced as the most expert of Alpine guides. Then the question remains—should he have made himself responsible for the lives of three young people? I have often discussed with Alpine guides the kind of risks which they will undertake with inexperienced tourists. Tourists as a whole are accustomed to suppose that guides will do anything for money. But I have generally found that a very shrewd calculation lies behind their apparent readiness to take parties up difficult mountains. There is generally a very close adaptation of means to end. A guide does not wish to offend his party, but if he thinks that he himself will be unable to hold up an inexperienced climber in case of a slip, he will mildly suggest that another guide or two should come as a porter; and at the last moment he will perhaps turn up with yet another whom he will press into the service too late to be turned back. And yet, in face of these established customs, among resident experts, who must inevitably know their mountains far better than visitors, we find a climber like Dr. Hopkinson making himself responsible for three lives, and those of his own children. We are told that the young man and the elder girl possessed experience, but experience at that age cannot count for much. It can but date from two or three seasons, and the muscles of two young girls cannot be strong enough to stand the sudden strain which a fall throws on the other members of the party on the same rope. Indeed the rope itself becomes an engine of death—a hangman's noose. A slip of the youngest girl may have been the cause of death of all three. Of course, there is no evidence to prove this, but we know that it was a clumsy slip of young Hadow on the Matterhorn in 1865 which dragged the others from their steps on a comparatively easy place.

I am far from exaggerating the dangers of mountain climbing—being one of those, indeed, who think that it is mere pedantry to set the loss of a few lives against a vast gain in vigour of life for a great quantity of men. Counting all accidents, the mortality per cent. of the Alpine Club is far lower than that of a corresponding group of men who engage in the deadlier occupation of idleness and dining out. Great sports must have an element of danger. Bicycling has its record of disaster in almost every daily paper, and yet every sensible man admits that bicycling should be encouraged. The question is very largely one of proportion. It is only when a sport is either trivial or noxious that we debar it on account of a small number of accidents. But it is an equally silly fallacy on the other hand, to suppose that a sport is improved by increasing the dangers. Every sensible Alpine climber attempts to reduce the record of accidents to the very lowest. There was a period in the early history of climbing when accident followed accident with appalling rapidity, and public opinion in England was set against Alpine climbing by the recklessness of those who indulged in it. This period followed on the discovery of the high Alps as a great playing-ground, and was the almost necessary accompaniment of the daring pioneer work which many of the early climbers had to undertake. But we had all imagined that we had emerged from this period. The dangers of climbing have been grouped and classified. The most distinguished members of the Club have set their faces against rashness of any kind. Every accident has been analysed and tabulated and set up as a warning to future climbers. Besides that, the high peaks in the common climbing-grounds have been conquered, and climbing guides have been multiplied. The routes which were strange are now familiar, and the methods of attacking new routes are as scientifically worked out as the steps

in military tactics. All this had produced the impression that climbing had become a safer sport. The very impression is a new danger. For every now and again an accident occurs which shows that the mountains are in reality no tamer to-day than they were yesterday, and that, like the tiger and the leopard, they are subject to strange outbreaks of ferocity which may upset all calculations. A mountain storm such as that which overwhelmed Mr. Nettleship, a wind such as that which blew a party off the Matterhorn, a falling stone such as that which killed a lady on the Triftjoch, such are the accidents which assert the inextinguishable element of danger. And the fatalities of this year show that there is another cause of peril, arising not so much from the mountains as from human nature itself. Familiarity breeds contempt; and we fear that an impression has arisen of late owing to the spread of climbing literature that an Alpine peak can be as lightly attacked as a hill in North Wales, or a slope of Helvellyn. Young people are seized with the intoxication of the mountains, and, looking from their hotels up to the glistening peaks, imagine that victory is as easy to achieve as to plan. The holiday spirit is kindly and sanguine; and their elders are easily persuaded. The result is seen in accidents of this kind, directly due to levity in the formation of parties. It is perhaps too much to expect that its result will be to make climbers more careful in their choice. Any casual visitor to a Swiss hotel will know that many of the parties which go out on expeditions into the high mountains only come back alive because of the strength and dogged heroism of the Swiss guides who accompany them. Accidents will always occur, and some of the worse occur under the best of guidance. There is a margin of unavoidable and undiminishable risk which must be taken into account by all who will climb mountains. But it is all the more important that avoidable accidents should be diminished, and that those who know the perils of the mountains should not, by light word, either written or spoken, lead others to throw away useful lives.

HAROLD SPENDER.

#### A STARTLED FAUN.

**S**NATCH a man as he lies, vacuous and dreaming, by the sea's edge, when he has scarce yet purged himself of memory in the sea's sacramental waters; drop him down, thump! in an apoplectic desert of dust and soot, and clap upon his head, whose coronal was erst but straw, that which will now seem heavier than one of the innumerable chimney-pots, its prototypes, in the leaden sky above him; drive him into a semi-circular den upholstered in red velvet and packed with human species, and leave him to gasp there for a hundred and forty minutes whilst certain painted bipeds, presumably human, perform behind a row of lights a certain series of merry, merry antics—do all these things to him, oh Fate, since it amuses you to do them, but don't, I beseech you, do not carry the joke so far as to ask him what he thought of the play!—

*"Ich hab' es doch getragen,  
Aber frage nur nicht wie!"*

My opinion, as you would know, oh Fate, if you had read Mr. Chalmers Mitchell's admirable article on "Health and Brain-work" in last week's "Saturday," will really be of no value to you at all. Mr. Mitchell demonstrates that strength of body and strength of intellect are in inverse ratio to each other, and that never is a man's mind so feeble as when his body has been braced by rustication. A month ago I was a shadow with an enlarged brain, receptive as any Leyden-jar, and should doubtless have found in "Tommy Dodd," at the Globe Theatre, an irresistible motive for my pen. But last night, sitting there in my stall, how could I be receptive? I was as one oppressed by some vague, familiar nightmare. Around me was a sea of male and female faces, most of them quite familiar to me, all of them nodding to one another like mandarins and beaming through spectacles or pince-nez—it is a curious fact that almost all first-nighters wear glasses of some kind. From an upper-box a programme fluttered down, as usual, and fell on somebody's head, making somebody very cross. When the curtain fell, half the audience stood up and began to budge about, with loud apologies for treading on the

toes of the other half. And when the curtain was up, there was the usual garden, with a young lady (dressed up to the nines) in it, saying, "So, sir, that decides me! From this day forth we shall be as strangers!" And there were men tapping one another on the chest and saying, "Look here! You don't split on me: I don't split on you!" And there was quick music at the end of every act, and plenty of rattle and bustle, and some one came down a ladder, and some one else wanted to fire a revolver. Indeed, I am sure everything was as it should have been. The audience roared with laughter. I alone was unable to enjoy myself; my heart was far away, on the coast. My ears were as two shells where the murmur of waves is yet lingering—how could I hear well? How could I see well through that bronze mask, my face? It was as much as I could do to breathe. Let my reader, therefore, not resent my reticence about the play. At present, I am simply the young man up from the country; my mind is a seething chaos of shyness and bewilderment. I am a startled faun: be very gentle with me! Do you remember how Sulla's soldiers found in a Thessalian wood and dragged off to the Dictator's tent a creature with the face and body of a man but the hoofs and horns of a goat? Sulla questioned and examined the creature, but at length, pitying its dumb terror, ordered his men to release it, and smiled as he watched it leaping away with gestures of uncouth joy to its own wood. I am in the position of that captured faun. Though you cannot send me whence I came, do not browbeat me; give me time to acclimatise myself; let me be! My critical faculties will be in full swing, I promise you, before the Christmas holidays.

The foregoing words were written on Wednesday morning. The hours passed, night fell, and fate drove me down to the Adelphi Theatre, that I might witness the first performance of Mr. Sims' new play. I was sullen enough on the way, but I "went," as the phrase is, "quietly." Resignation was setting in. Already had the roar of the traffic overcome the sea's murmur in my ears. Already was I feeling a trifle less robust, and, in due proportion, a trifle more cerebral. Not that I was able to grasp in detail all the ingenious complications into which Mr. Sims had woven his heroes and heroines, his villains of either gender. Indeed, I confess that when, in the last act ("A Riverside Cellar"), Miss Neilson grasped the arm of the worst villain and cried, "Where are you going?" and he, setting his teeth, made answer, "To meet the woman who was to have been the wife of the man your father murdered," it was not so much my heart that stood still with horror as my head that reeled. Who shall say now that more brain-power might well be brought to bear on the writing of English plays? Such a play as the "Gipsy Earl" seems to me a really marvellous feat of the human intellect. To understand clearly all its involutions and convolutions were a hard task even for a person of the frailest physique: what shall one say of him who not merely understands them, but actually evolved them and developed them and solved them in the sacrosanctity of "Opposite-the-Ducks Villa"? Driving his pen thus steadfastly, his desk radiant in the dry light of intellect, Mr. Sims never removes his left hand from the public's pulse, save when, now and again, he clutches at that waistcoat beneath which his own great heart is so tumultuously throbbing. Perfect in him, the coalition of heart and head! Critics who sneer at melodrama as a puerile convention will do well to consider how intensely difficult a form it is. Whatever they may think of melodrama, they should regard the melodramatist with that reverence which is always owed to the indomitable. I was sorry to notice that the cheap sneers of these critics seemed to have so far corrupted the pit and gallery that there was actually a ripple of laughter when the comic man recognised the rightful Earl by an old scar on the wrist. Nor, I fancied, did the hisses sound quite so genuine as of old when the villains took their calls. Perhaps this was due to the fact that Mr. Sims had made one of his villains a Yorkshireman—surely a very dangerous experiment, and a great strain on the public conscience! However, there was no doubt

about the applause for the heroes and heroines and Mr. Sims himself. The whole thing was evidently a great success. There was such a vast number of mimes involved in it that, were I to consider the whole cast, I suppose that even the "Saturday" itself could not contain the notices that should be written. It is enough to say that Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Neilson, the two principals, were not at all afraid of their parts, and acted as well as ever.

MAX.

## THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

AFTER a drought we welcome the sweet rain; after a six weeks' fast any one of us would eagerly munch cocoa-nut matting; after a music-less month we rush eagerly to the Promenade Concerts. Apart from the mere sounds of the music how exhilarating to see Mr. Henry Wood waggling the stick with his ancient energy; how gaily the bows sweep up and down; how refreshing it is to see the patient mules of the daily press come into the hall, at once commence writing, and continue to write until they trot off to their offices. I love to watch them; they fascinate me. During the playing of the first piece they plod through their customary remarks about the "phenomenal attendance" and "Mr. Newman's enterprise"; during the playing of the second they gravely discuss the playing of the first—"the Symphony in C minor was played with taste and feeling"; and so on until they leave without having heard—really heard with ears, brain and heart—a single thing, and without having written a sentence that they had not written a thousand times before. Patient plodders! surely they will some day and somewhere get the reward which editors are more and more disinclined nowadays to give to honest dulness and ignorance. A large part of the pleasure I get at the Promenade concerts is derived from watching them. Another part comes from the liberty to smoke, and a part—of course—from the music.

It is curious how not only in religion and politics one may for a long time believe that one believes, but also in the lesser affairs of life. For long I cherished the faith that the Promenade concerts were frequented because one might consume cigarettes there; and it was only on Saturday night of last week that the overwhelming attraction of the music, at least for the elect, occurred to me. The elect do not attend on the Popular nights. A Wagner night draws them, or a Schubert or Tschaikowsky night; but not a Sullivan or quadrille or ballad night. It is hard to say to what kind last Saturday night belonged. We had Liszt, Balf, Hubay, Gounod, Tschaikowsky, Cowen, Bach-Lindé (*sic!*), Schubert, Boccherini, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Pinsuti, Halvorsen and Sullivan—surely an extraordinary mixture, reminding one irresistibly of a Philharmonic programme. But, anyhow, the elect did not come—only the crowd and the critics. Mr. Newman cannot be blamed for such things. He might fairly argue that a hodge-podge not so bad as many a hodge-podge offered by the Philharmonic (which, poor old lady, is much too lofty to give concerts in the Autumn, after trying them once) is quite good enough for a Saturday night Promenade audience. I entirely agree with him. It is by far the best plan to cram as much vulgarity as is necessary to ensure the life of the Promenade concerts into the Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights, leaving the other nights free so that those who want to hear real music can hear it without a nauseous flavouring of pot-boiling ballads. And while admitting this, one silently registers a vow not to go within a mile of Queen's Hall on Tuesday, Thursday or Saturday nights. We critics went last Saturday because it was the opening night, and we had to write of the "phenomenal attendance" and "Mr. Newman's enterprise," and to mention that Mr. Manners and Madame Fanny Moody, and indeed every one concerned sang (or played) "with taste and feeling."

Monday night was a Wagner night, and though I am tired to extinction of Wagner nights, at least it seemed to me preferable to a Popular night; and it afforded an opportunity of judging this year's band. Wherefore I went, and was not unduly elated. As yet the band is very rough; balance of tone is decidedly to seek; even ordinary accuracy has not as yet been achieved. It struck

me as a smaller band than last year's; but that may be a mistake; and in any case a change from the monster orchestras to which we are becoming too much accustomed may be anything rather than harmful to our ears and nerves. But the roughness, lack of balance and the inaccuracy are matters to be mended as quickly as possible; and since every evening that they are indulged in carries the players deeper into demoralised habits, I suggest to Messrs. Newman and Wood that the expense of two or three rehearsals, two or three mornings of careful drill, would not be wasted. Particularly in the prelude to Act III. of the "Mastersingers of Nuremberg" and in the prelude to "Lohengrin" I noticed a great deal too much of wobbling and uncertainty. On the other hand, some portions of the Siegfried Idyll, like the curate's egg, were excellent. As for Mr. Wood's conducting, there is little more to be said about it. Almost his only fault is his inclination to bully the brass a little, compelling them to bark and snort, and not allowing them to sing; but we may hope to see the last of that this season.

I must take this opportunity of mentioning that the Sunday afternoon concerts begin on 18 September, and that the Saturday afternoon concerts begin about the middle of October. They ought all to be handsomely supported; for Mr. Newman is doing for us what the Philharmonic Society ought to have done years ago, but was and is too stupid and ignorant to do, and what apparently no one save Mr. Newman will do.

J. F. R.

## MONEY MATTERS.

GENERAL dulness has still been the feature of the Stock Markets during the week, but in spite of the lack of business a firm undertone has prevailed. The Settlement, following on the nineteen-day account, was not a very lively affair and was easily arranged, but it sufficed to occupy the minds of the few members who still remain in town. At any other time the Tsar's message of peace to the world might have led to some activity, but at the present juncture it was received on the London Stock Exchange with only languid interest, and except for a rather firmer tendency, due to the belief that whatever might be the result of the Russian Emperor's manifesto, it at least indicated a better position of affairs as between England and Russia, it had no effect upon quotations. Consols are practically unchanged. In Home Railways slight improvements have been marked in most descriptions, but London and North Westerns are down  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . The American Market has been somewhat irregular. Central Pacifics have risen  $4\frac{1}{2}$ , and Wabash  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , but Louisvilles have fallen. Industrials have been quite featureless. South Africans have been flat, but no important declines have taken place, with the exception of a further fall in De Beers, and Westralians have displayed a small amount of activity, which must, however, be described as mainly factitious. From such markets it is not surprising that a considerable number of brokers and jobbers have fled to field and moor. The reassuring news with respect to Chinese affairs now to hand should, however, lead to more general activity during the new account.

The Money Market has been slightly firmer during the week, and call money is now in fair demand at  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 per cent. as against  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. last week. The three-months' rate has in turn hardened to  $1\frac{7}{8}$  per cent. as compared with  $1\frac{5}{8}$  per cent. a week ago. The Bank Rate is unchanged at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., but the weekly return of the Bank of England shows that the improvement in the position which has been continuous for some weeks past has now ceased. The total reserve has decreased £246,679, and the proportion of reserve to liabilities remains unchanged at  $48\frac{3}{8}$  per cent. The New York Exchange also shows a weakening tendency, and the drain of gold to America may soon begin.

The Settlement in Home Rails revealed a number of irregular movements, due in all probability rather to the varying flow of investment orders than to any reasons connected with the different lines. Great Westerns, however, after their severe fall, recovered  $2\frac{1}{2}$  on the anticipated ending of the coal strike, and now that the men have virtually accepted the employers' terms the

improvement has continued, so that the stock, which at one time fell as low as 166 $\frac{3}{4}$ , has recovered to 169 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Before the strike it stood at 172 $\frac{3}{4}$ , but the dispute has caused such a serious diminution in the year's receipts of the Company that the stock is not likely to see this figure again for some time, unless there is a great and altogether improbable increase in the receipts during the next four months. As a matter of fact in many quarters it is believed that the strike will have exercised a permanently deleterious effect on the Welsh coal industry by driving consumers to other markets. In any case it will probably be several years before either the Great Western Company or the South Wales collieries entirely recover from the effects of the prolonged dispute. The traffic returns of the week on most lines have been satisfactory, but the Metropolitan and District Railways, the Chatham and Dover and, of course, the Great Western, all show decreases on last year's receipts.

## NET YIELD OF ENGLISH RAILWAY STOCKS.

Company.	Dividends 1897-8.	Price 31 August.	Yield p. c. £ s. d.
Brighton Deferred.....	7	175 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 19 10
Great Northern "A" .....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	54	3 18 8
Midland Deferred .....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 16 11
Great Northern Deferred .....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	57 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 14 2
North Eastern .....	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	175 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 12 6
South Eastern Deferred .....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	108 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 11 4
North Western .....	7	200	3 10 0
Lancashire and Yorkshire .....	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	148	3 9 3
Brighton Ordinary.....	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	184	3 9 3
Great Northern Preferred .....	4	120 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 6 4
South Western Deferred .....	3	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 5 6
South Western Ordinary .....	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	224 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 19 0
Midland Preferred .....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 18 7
Metropolitan .....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	129	2 18 1
Great Eastern .....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	121	2 17 10
South Eastern Ordinary .....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	152	2 17 7
Great Western .....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	169 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 16 1
Great Central Preferred .....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	61	2 9 2

The nineteen-day account had little or no effect on the boom in American Rails. The one solitary decline in the whole list was one of  $\frac{1}{2}$  in New York Central stock, which has now further fallen  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 121 $\frac{3}{4}$ . The biggest rise was of 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  in Milwaukees, closely followed by one of 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  in Northern Pacifics and one of 9 in Union Pacifics. Wabash "B" Debentures, for which Wall Street has suddenly displayed an uncommon and inexplicable fondness, rose 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Baltimore and Ohio Common Stock, which the reorganization syndicate is no doubt carefully nursing, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Denver Prefs. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . A slight reaction is now manifest, and the market is waiting for the declaration of the Milwaukee dividend which is expected daily. Should it not prove equal to expectations it may be the signal for a general fall.

There is no doubt that the Milwaukee Railway is at present exceedingly prosperous. In the twelve months ending 30 June it is supposed to have earned a dividend of 8 per cent., and the most sanguine expect that 6 per cent. will be declared. The Company is, however, spending a great deal upon improvements, and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. will be considered good. If the latter should prove to be the figure the dividend for the whole year will be 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., and the yield at 116 $\frac{1}{4}$  will be £4 10s. 5d. per cent. This is, of course, very good if only a single year is taken, but from 1888 to 1891 no dividend at all was paid; in 1892 and 1895 only 2 per cent., and in 1893, 1894 and 1896 only 4 per cent. With a dividend of 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for the half-year, the average yield for the past five years will be only the veriest trifle over 4 per cent., and at 116 $\frac{1}{4}$ , the present quotation, the stock seems to us over-priced for an American railway, in view of the fact that there are English railway stocks which give as high a yield with much greater security for the future.

It is no doubt true that at the beginning of the year American Rails generally were below their real value and the present year has been a particularly prosperous one for nearly all the lines. It is, however, a curious fact that the improvement which has now reached such large dimensions began with the outbreak of the war

and has continued since that time practically without intermission. The war, as a matter of fact, interfered very little with the trade of the United States, and in the case of some of the railways no doubt even contributed materially to their prosperity. But those who anticipate a further improvement in prices in this market should remember that the past year has been exceptional. Owing to the excellent harvests in the States last year, and the shortage of wheat in Europe, the price of wheat rose to a figure it had not touched for a long time and consequently American farmers got high prices, freights in turn were good, and the currency agitation died down. Now that the price of wheat has fallen again, the prospect of another abundant crop in America, instead of improving the prospects of the railways, will have precisely the contrary effect. The price of wheat is likely to fall still further, freights will have to be considerably reduced, and the receipts of the railroads will fall correspondingly. Already the gross earnings of the roads are diminishing rapidly. Not long ago the aggregate increases were as much as 15 per cent. In June the aggregate increase was only 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and in July only 1 per cent. In short, the high-water mark has probably been reached. It seems that Bryanism and the Silver Party have lost their influence for the moment, but an abundant harvest and low prices for wheat would speedily revive the currency question amongst the Western farmers, and the new-born feeling of confidence in American affairs would soon disappear.

## COMPARISON OF PRICES OF AMERICAN RAILWAY STOCKS BEFORE THE WAR AND NOW.

Railway.	Price 28 January.	Price 31 August.	Difference.
Atchison and Topeka .....	132	142	+ 7
Central Pacific .....	142	212	+ 72
Chicago and Milwaukee .....	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	116 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 17 $\frac{1}{2}$
Denver Preferred .....	51 $\frac{1}{2}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Illinois Central .....	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	115 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Louisville .....	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	60 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
New York Central .....	112 $\frac{1}{2}$	122	+ 9 $\frac{1}{2}$
North Pacific Preference .....	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	79 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Pennsylvania .....	60	61 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Wabash Preference .....	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	25	+ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$

The Industrial Market remains quite featureless. Changes on the account were of small dimensions either way. The most considerable were a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  from 104 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 103 in Welsbach Ordinary, and of 1 from 20 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  in Gordon Hotels. At present there seems to be a tendency towards greater activity in this market as a result of the more settled political situation; but so far the tendency is not very marked. The mild excitement of the week has been with regard to the alleged Lipton-Gilbey amalgamation. Both firms have strenuously denied the rumours which have been abroad, and their denials leave the popularity of Lipton's Ordinary as mysterious as ever. The rumours received credence at first, no doubt, because the market cannot quite understand why Lipton's £1 shares should be supposed to be worth £2 10s. apiece. At this price to yield 5 per cent. to the investor, the profit for the Company's first year of working must reach the enormous sum of over £250,000, an increase of £80,000 on the profits earned in the twelve months previous to the transfer of Sir Thomas Lipton's business to the Company. This is a big sum, but we do not say that it will not be earned. It only appears to us improbable that in one year even Sir Thomas Lipton can bring about such an increase. If he can, it will seem to have been an act of folly on his part to sell his business to a company.

An order has been made for the compulsory winding up of the New Julia Nitrate Company. This is one of Mr. T. M. Thackthwaite's companies. Mr. Thackthwaite, it will be remembered, is the chairman of the Tati Bluejacket Syndicate. He is also chairman of the New Julia Nitrate Company, and only two months ago declared in examination that it had "good prospects." No doubt he believed that the Ashbourne Gold Mining Company, now in liquidation, of which he was also Chairman, had "good prospects." He also believes that the Tati Bluejacket Syndicate has "good pro-

spects." We never met so sanguine a man as Mr. Thackthwaite. But then he admitted that his experience of gold-mining was gained in the City of London. Perhaps when he comes back from the Tati district he will not be quite so sanguine. But one never knows.

## NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Company.	Dividend 1897. Per cent.	Price 31 August.	Yield per cent.
National Explosives.....	11	1 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	8 7 7
Bovril Deferred.....	5	1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	8 0 0
Do. Ordinary.....	7	1 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	7 9 4
Mazawattee Tea.....	8	1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	6 8 0
Linotype Deferred (£5).....	9	7 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	5 18 0
D. H. Evans & Co.....	12	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	5 12 11
Spiers & Pond (£10).....	10	18 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	5 8 1
National Telephone (£5).....	6	5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	5 6 8
Harrod's Stores.....	20	3 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	5 6 8
Linotype Ordinary (£5).....	6	5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	5 4 4
Holborn & Frascati.....	10 <sup>(1)</sup>	2	5 0 0
Salmon & Gluckstein.....	8	1 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	4 18 5
Bryant & May (£5).....	17 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18	4 17 2
Jay's.....	7 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	1 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	4 12 3
Eley Brothers (£10).....	17 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	38	4 12 1
Swan & Edgar.....	5	1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	4 8 10
Savoy Hotel (£10).....	7 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	17	4 8 2
Jones & Higgins.....	9 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	4 4 5
J. & P. Coats (£10).....	20	62	3 4 6
Hydraulic Power (£100).....	8	270	2 19 2

(<sup>1</sup>) Including bonus of 2 per cent.

In the Kaffir market interest still centres round De Beers, and the definite information from the mine which has been promised is awaited with curiosity and some anxiety. On Wednesday the shares touched the lowest point of their recent fall, 25<sup>1</sup>/<sub>16</sub>, but it is to be remembered that in April last they were as low as 23<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>, the lowest point they have touched since the Jameson Raid. In April there was no suggestion that the diamond-producing capacity of the mine was showing signs of exhaustion, and it is an odd circumstance that then, as now, the shares of the New Jagersfontein diamond mine in the Orange Free State took a jump upwards as De Beers went down. The suggestion now is that the Jagersfontein Company, which owns 10,000 De Beers shares, has been realising its holding, and that this was the starting-point of the fall. We are more than ever inclined to the belief that our surmise of last week is correct, and that the whole business has been a carefully managed bear movement, out of which some one has made a substantial profit. Rumours are easily spread abroad, and a little judicious selling at the outset will start a downward movement, which jobbers and brokers, thinking themselves very smart, will speedily accelerate. To sell through the Cape and to buy through Paris is just what the wire-pullers of the scheme would do. In any case, since the price of De Beers has not yet touched the low price reached in April last, the fall cannot yet be considered very serious.

At 25 De Beers give a net yield of 8 per cent., and are therefore cheaper than Jagersfonteins at 8 with a net yield of 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> per cent., but in neither case is the yield very high, seeing that neither mine can be considered inexhaustible, and that the dividends depend entirely on the prices that can be realised for the diamonds obtained. At any time the discovery of a new diamond field may destroy the De Beers monopoly and greatly diminish its profits. The Jagersfontein mine may, however, increase its dividend this year. Last year it only declared 12 per cent., as against 16 per cent. in 1896 and 20 per cent. in 1895 and 1893. The Jagersfontein Company, it may be noted, is, after the De Beers Company, the largest diamond-producer in the world. It has even beaten De Beers in one respect, for in 1893 there was discovered on the property what is perhaps the largest diamond in the world, a stone of the finest blue-white water, weighing uncut 971 carats.

There appear to be some signs of an approaching revival in South Africans. The Account just ended

showed no great changes either way, but since the Settlement there has been more activity. The market has not yet quite made up its mind, however, how to take the result of the Cape Elections, though the general opinion is inclined to be that the Bond victory will be good for Transvaal mines, whatever may be its effect upon Rhodesians. It is suggested that with his friends in power at the Cape, and with the ever-present need for a loan as a further incentive, President Kruger may be at last persuaded to do something for the mining industry. We certainly expect that after the holidays, when the Stock Markets again resume their activity, there will be an all-round improvement in values in South Africans. That prices have been so well maintained during the past two or three months of absolute stagnation argues an inherent strength in the market, which cannot fail to lift prices as soon as there is the smallest indication of reviving business. It should not be forgotten, moreover, that at the end of the year the Rand Mines, Limited, will declare a dividend, and that before very long the shares will probably be split.

ESTIMATED NET YIELD OF TRANSVAAL MINES.  
OUTCROPS.

Compan	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 31 August.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
				Per Cent.
Pioneer ( <sup>1</sup> ).....	75	10 <sup>2</sup> <sub>1</sub>	1	75
Van Ryn.....	40	1 <sup>3</sup> <sub>4</sub>	12	16
Rietfontein A.....	35	2	30	15 <sup>1</sup> <sub>2</sub>
Henry Nourse ( <sup>2</sup> ).....	150	9 <sup>15</sup> <sub>16</sub>	12	12
Comet.....	50	3 <sup>1</sup> <sub>8</sub>	18	12
Glencairn.....	35	1 <sup>13</sup> <sub>16</sub>	11	11 <sup>1</sup> <sub>2</sub>
Ferreira.....	350	24 <sup>1</sup> <sub>2</sub>	17	9 <sup>1</sup> <sub>2</sub>
Jumpers ( <sup>3</sup> ).....	80	5	8	9
Treasury ( <sup>4</sup> ).....	12 <sup>1</sup> <sub>2</sub>	3 <sup>1</sup> <sub>8</sub>	13	9
Roodepoort United .....	50	4	15	7
Meyer and Charlton .....	70	4 <sup>1</sup> <sub>2</sub>	10	7
Heriot .....	100	7 <sup>1</sup> <sub>4</sub>	12	7
Geldenhuys Main Reef .....	10	1 <sup>16</sup> <sub>1</sub>	6	7
Robinson ( <sup>5</sup> ).....	20	8 <sup>1</sup> <sub>2</sub>	16	7
Ginsberg.....	50	2 <sup>7</sup> <sub>8</sub>	8	6
Wolhuter ( <sup>4</sup> ).....	10	5 <sup>9</sup> <sub>16</sub>	40	6
Crown Reef ( <sup>6</sup> ).....	200	14 <sup>1</sup> <sub>2</sub>	8	6
City and Suburban ( <sup>4</sup> ).....	15	6 <sup>1</sup> <sub>2</sub>	17	5
Wemmer.....	150	10 <sup>11</sup> <sub>16</sub>	10	5
Primrose.....	60	4 <sup>5</sup> <sub>6</sub>	10	5
Langlaagte Estate .....	30	3 <sup>1</sup> <sub>2</sub>	15	4
Durban Roodepoort .....	80	5 <sup>1</sup> <sub>2</sub>	9	4
Princess .....	15	1 <sup>13</sup> <sub>16</sub>	20(?)	4
May Consolidated .....	35	2 <sup>15</sup> <sub>16</sub>	9	3
Geldenhuys Estate.....	100	6 <sup>1</sup> <sub>2</sub>	7	3
Angelo.....	75	5 <sup>11</sup> <sub>16</sub>	8(?)	2
Jubilee ( <sup>7</sup> ).....	75	10 <sup>13</sup> <sub>16</sub>	8	0
Worcester .....	60	3 <sup>8</sup> <sub>1</sub>	4	0

(<sup>1</sup>) Owns 37 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £10 10s. per share. (<sup>2</sup>) 42 deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 per share. (<sup>3</sup>) 52 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £1 per share. (<sup>4</sup>) £4 shares. (<sup>5</sup>) £5 shares. (<sup>6</sup>) 51<sup>1</sup><sub>4</sub> deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 10s. per share, and 47 water-right claims. (<sup>7</sup>) Poorer North Reef Ore not taken into account. (<sup>8</sup>) 18 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £4 per share.

The Pioneer Mine still stands at the top of our list of the outcrop mines, but since it has only a few months more of existence before it the difficulty of estimating the net yield of the shares to the investor at their present price is increased. The Company has already paid dividends amounting in the aggregate to 525 per cent. during the present year, and probably another dividend of at least 75 per cent. will be paid. The whole of this will be net profit to the investor, for the deep-level claims represent fully the present price of the shares, and in addition there is the value of the machinery to be taken into account, and the fact that the Company has a reserve in cash equal to its total capital. Moreover, the slimes have not been treated and will no doubt be sold for a substantial sum. The holder of Pioneers who is in at the death of this remarkably prosperous little company, even if he has paid £11

apiece for his shares, will undoubtedly come in for a handsome bequest.

## DEEP LEVELS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 31 August.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.	Per Cent.	Years.	Per Cent.
*Robinson Deep.....	200	9 $\frac{3}{4}$	20	17			
*Durban Deep (1).....	50	3 $\frac{15}{16}$	15	13			
*Crown Deep.....	200	13	16	10 $\frac{1}{2}$			
*Nourse Deep.....	60	5 $\frac{7}{16}$	43	10			
*Rose Deep.....	105	7 $\frac{1}{16}$	15	9			
*Jumpers Deep.....	40	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	36	6 $\frac{1}{2}$			
*Bonanza.....	108 <sup>(2)</sup>	4 $\frac{9}{16}$	5	5			
*Village Main Reef <sup>(3)</sup> .....	75	6 $\frac{15}{16}$	13	4			
*Geldenhuys Deep.....	70 <sup>(2)</sup>	9 $\frac{1}{16}$	23	4			
*Simmer and Jack.....	42 <sup>(2)</sup>	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ <sup>(4)</sup>	30	4			
Glen Deep.....	18	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	25	3 $\frac{1}{2}$			
Langlaagte Deep.....	21	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	15	2			

The mines marked thus \* are already at work. (1) Owns 24,000 Roodepoort Central Deep shares, value £36,000, and will probably sell sixty or seventy claims at a price equivalent to £1 per share. (2) Calculated on actual profits of working. (3) Owns 25,000 Wemmer shares, value equivalent to £1 per share. (4) £5 shares.

The Ferreira Deep has at last been registered as a company in the Transvaal, and its definite formation should exercise a favourable influence upon the market price of both Barnato Consols and Rand Mines. The capital of the new deep-level Company is £1,000,000, of which £900,000 has been issued. The two vendor companies—Rand Mines, Limited, and the Barnato Consolidated Mines, Limited—take 780,000 fully paid shares as the purchase price of the property, and in addition £480,000 of working capital is provided by the issue to the two vendor companies of 120,000 shares at £4 each. No public issue will be made, the whole of the capital having been privately subscribed. The holding of Rand Mines, Limited, in the new Company will be about 525,000 shares, which, at the issue price of the working capital, represents £2,100,000, and of the Barnato Consolidated Mines 375,000 shares, representing £1,500,000. At £4 per share, the valuation of the whole property amounts to £3,600,000, or between £26,000 and £27,000 per claim. This claim valuation is very moderate. The outcrop mine, the Ferreira, at the present market price of its shares, is valued at quite £60,000 per claim.

As our readers know, the Ferreira Deep is expected to prove the most valuable deep-level mining proposition on the Rand. Shaft-sinking was commenced in March last year, and has continued uninterruptedly. In No. 1 shaft the South Reef was reached in May last at a depth of 1240 feet, and where it was struck was found to be 4 feet wide. Shortly afterwards the reef was intersected in No. 2 shaft at about the same depth, and assayed 9 oz. 5 dwt. per ton over 8 inches, which would give nearly 2 oz. per ton over a stoping width of 3 feet. To the end of last year £67,000 had been spent upon sinking the shafts, and it was then estimated that to equip the mine fully on a 100-stamp basis would require a total expenditure of £400,000. The working capital of £480,000 provided by the issue should therefore amply suffice for the purposes of the Company. The development and equipment of the mine are now being rapidly pushed ahead. The foundations for the mill and sorting apparatus are already completed, and those for the cyanide plant have been begun. It is confidently expected that the mine will be able to start crushing next May, but it is intended to have a large reserve of ore in sight before starting work. When in full operation the Ferreira Deep with 100-stamp mill should make a profit of at least £48,000 per month, equivalent to a dividend of over 60 per cent. per annum on its issued capital. On this basis the life of the mine will be well over thirty years. To yield 10 per cent. to the investor the price of the shares should, therefore, be about £5 each, and they will probably approximate to this value when they come to be quoted in the market.

## NEW ISSUE.

## DANIELL &amp; SONS' BREWERIES, LIMITED.

Daniell & Sons' Breweries, Limited, invites applications for £90,000 Four per cent. Perpetual "C" Debenture Stock, the price of issue being fixed at 95 per cent. The Company was incorporated in 1887 to take over a business which had been established nearly a hundred years, and its share capital amounts to £150,000 in 7500 seven per cent. Cumulative Preference shares, and 7500 Ordinary shares of £10 each. There are already in existence two issues of £125,000 each of 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Debentures, making with the present issue a total Debenture debt of £215,000; but the existing freehold and leasehold premises, plant and property of the Company have been valued by Messrs. Mason & Son at over £453,000, apart from the proposed purchase of the Donyland Brewery and properties, to complete which purchase the present debenture issue is made. No valuation of the Donyland properties is given, but it is estimated that its acquisition and the further working capital provided will increase the profits of the Company by £5000 or £6000 per annum. The net profits of the Company for the year ending 30 November, 1897, were nearly £28,000, and since the present issue will be secured by a first mortgage on the Donyland Brewery and properties, as well as by a general charge upon the surplus assets of the Company, it may be considered a safe investment. The lists opens on Tuesday next, and closes for London on Wednesday, and for the country on Thursday morning.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROSPECTOR (Cork).—(1) Somewhat speculative, but the Company seems likely to make big profits. (2) A sound concern which, in view of recent developments in China, will probably improve its position. (3) Good. The Company is under very capable management. (4) Prospects exceedingly doubtful. (5) The mine passed through some vicissitudes in its early days, but for the past three years it has steadily progressed. The ore is rich and at their present price the shares seem exceedingly cheap. (6) The bonds yield high interest and are perhaps somewhat risky, but the interest has always been paid regularly and there seems no present reason why this should not continue to be the case.

S. P. R. (Liverpool).—It is a genuine concern and appears to have already started operations. The business is a profitable one, and, if well managed, the Company should be a success. There is at present no market in the shares, and it would be advisable to hold until the Company has been at work for at least a year.

C. STILES (Watford).—We do not anticipate good results from the Company's new departure, and consider the increase of capital far from justified. It would be advisable to sell whilst the shares stand at their present high price.

FIFTY SHARES (Aberdeen).—You bought at the wrong time, and we doubt if the stock will touch the same price again this year. It would not be wise to sell in the present dull state of the market.

B. C. (Winchester).—(1) It was one of the Calvert promotions and we fear you are not likely ever to receive any dividends, nor could you at present hope to sell your holding. (2) We cannot recommend a broker to you, but we should advise you to have nothing to do with the outside broker you mention. (3) Members of the Stock Exchange are not allowed to advertise. (4) The commission charged was excessive, but we fear you have no remedy.

GOLD-SEEKER (Birmingham).—The property is a low-grade one and can only hope to work at a profit when large reductions in the cost of dynamite, and other reforms, are made in the Transvaal.

F. T. C. (Wandsworth).—(1) Take your profit. (2) Hold. (3) Unsaleable.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## AN INDIGNANT CATHOLIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

87 Lausanne Road, Peckham.

SIR,—I cannot make out why you should make such vulgar, rabid attacks on the Catholic Church. You make fun of the miracles that happen at the Shrine of our Lady of Lourdes; but what does the Fourth Book of Kings (2nd Kings, Protestant version) say: "Some that were burying a man . . . cast the body into the sepulchre of Eliseus, the man came to life and stood upon his feet" (xiii. 21). Again, read St. Matt. ix. 20, and Acts v. 15, and xix. 12, and St. Augustine's Book, xxii. "City of God," chap. viii. You call this honouring

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3 September, 1898.

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## SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 3 SEPTEMBER, 1898,  
GEOMETRY.

"Euclid." Books I. and II. Edited by Charles Smith, M.A., and Sophie Bryant, D.Sc. London: Macmillan.  
"A Simplified Euclid." Book I. By W. W. Cheriton. London: Rivingtons.  
"A New Sequel to Euclid." Part I. By W. T. Dilworth. London: Blackie.  
"Lectures on the Geometry of Position." By Theodor Rye. Translated and Edited by T. F. Holgate. New York: Macmillan.

OF the making of editions of Euclid there is no end. Every mathematical teacher would seem to be eaten up with ambition to have a text-book of his own, and it does not seem to be recognised that a fairly good edition of Euclid, with the necessary modern emendations, will serve any teacher's purpose, provided that it is supplemented by proper and illuminating individual explanations in class. It is, however, satisfactory to note that the manufacture of substitutes for Euclid has ceased. The edition of Books I. and II. which Mr. Charles Smith and Miss Sophie Bryant have prepared is a good one and admirably suited for its purpose. It is sufficiently conservative, only the necessary emendations and additions being made. There are, however, a number of other editions in existence equally good, and were it not that publishers must be supposed to know their own business best we should assume that, excellent as this text-book is, it supplies no long-felt want. Mr. Cheriton seems to have felt some compunction in adding to the list of editions, and so he has got a friend to write him a preface in which it is declared that his "Simplified Euclid, Book I.," "should supply a long-felt want." We are unable to agree with this friend, for we do not find that Mr. Cheriton has simplified Euclid very much, and the fact that "each proposition is printed exactly as it should be written out" should make every teacher shun the book, since it is evidently intended that pupils should learn the propositions by rote. Mr. Smith and Miss Bryant are much wiser, for they remark in their preface that "it should be considered distinctly meritorious to depart from the exact words of the text-book, provided that the proof given is in other respects quite satisfactory." Mr. Dilworth's "Sequel to Euclid" is a collection of solutions of the most important accessory propositions in geometry not dealt with in Euclid, and as such will be found useful. Professor Theodor Rye's "Lectures on the Geometry of Position" is a work of totally different calibre from the preceding. It is well known all over the Continent as an admirable introduction to the study of pure geometry, and it is a matter for surprise that no translation of so important a work has hitherto appeared in English. Professor Holgate has performed his work as translator admirably, and we recommend the book to students who have already mastered the elements of analytical geometry. There is no more admirable training of the scientific imagination than the cultivation of synthetic geometry on the plan followed in Professor Rye's lectures.

## ARITHMETIC AND ALGEBRA.

"An Arithmetic for Schools." By S. L. Loney. London: Macmillan.  
"Arithmetic." Arranged by A. E. Layng. London: Blackie.  
"A Commonsense Manual of Double Entry Book-keeping." Part II.—Practical. By S. Dyer. London: Philip.  
"Simplex System of Solicitors' Book-keeping." By George Sheffield. London: Wilson.  
"Introduction to Algebra." By G. Chrystal, M.A., LL.D. London: Black.  
"Ordinary Differential Equations." By J. Morris Page. London: Macmillan.

ARITHMETICS are almost as abundant as Euclids, but Mr. S. L. Loney's "Arithmetic for Schools" may be welcomed as a full and complete text-book of the

subject, to the making of which a little more common sense than usual has been applied. Mr. Loney, for instance, gives the Continental method of performing long division, in which the operations of multiplication and subtraction are performed simultaneously, with a consequent great saving of time. He should, however, have pointed out with what special advantage in the saving of space this method can be applied to the process of finding the greatest common measure. The examples are numerous and well chosen. Mr. A. E. Layng's "Arithmetic" may be praised as highly as Mr. Loney's, which in some respects it resembles. Special attention is given by Mr. Layng to abbreviated methods of working, and he also provides a sufficient quantity of useful exercises. Mr. Dyer's "Commonsense Method of Double Entry Book-keeping" does not, so far as we can see, differ much from other modern manuals on the subject, but the practical part gives a large number of hints in the application of the method. Solicitors' clerks will receive assistance from Mr. Sheffield's "Simplex System of Solicitors' Book-keeping" in endeavouring to remove the reproach that however good lawyers they may be solicitors are bad accountants. Professor Chrystal's "Introduction to Algebra" is an interesting sign of the times. His larger book on the subject is a standard work, but in this more elementary text-book he admits having been driven simply by the stress of experience to abandon the old-fashioned way and to enter the ranks of the reforming party of mathematical teachers. Owing to the ever-present examiner this book is, however, something of a compromise in which, whilst the attempt is made to keep fundamental principles always in view, the necessity for teaching pupils to solve useless puzzles on examination day is also provided for. Nevertheless, Professor Chrystal's eminence and the admirable qualities of the book in itself make it important, and we trust that its extensive use in schools will prepare the way for a better system of teaching algebra in the future. Professor Page's "Ordinary Differential Equations," if it had borne out the promise of the preface, would have been an excellent book, for we are told that "much care has been taken to make all the developments as clear as possible." As an elementary text-book it is, however, an unfortunate failure, for we defy any student unacquainted with the subject to understand from the first chapter what a differential equation is. Professor Page plunges at once *in medias res* in highly technical language, and his book is quite useless to the beginner for whom it is intended.

## APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

"Elementary Geometrical Statics." By W. J. Dobbs, M.A. London: Macmillan.  
"Applied Mechanics." By John Perry, M.E., D.Sc., F.R.S. London: Cassell.  
"Mensuration, Hydrostatics and Heat." By G. H. Wyatt. London: Rivingtons.  
"The Miner's Arithmetic and Mensuration." By Henry Davies. London: Chapman.  
"Notes on Carpentry and Joinery." Part I. By T. J. Evans. London: Chapman.

M. R. DOBBS has done well to lay stress upon the value of the graphic method in the study of Elementary Statics, and his book will be found of great value both to the teacher and the student of elementary engineering. There is a great tendency to rely upon mathematical formulæ alone in the application of mathematics to mechanical problems, and it is often only after he has commenced the practice of his profession that the engineer realises the practical value of geometrical methods in the solution of the problems which confront him. Mr. Dobbs' explanations are clear and simple, and he covers the whole ground satisfactorily for the beginner. Professor Perry's text-books are always a delight to the student, not only because he overflows with common sense, but also because he realises better than most professors exactly the difficulties which beset the learner. Like his "Calculus for Engineers" his "Applied Mechanics" is just the sort of book we should have liked to learn from, if such books had existed some years ago. No one better than Professor Perry can expound the mathematical side of

his subject, and yet no man is more intensely practical. There is little doubt that this text-book will become the standard one in all the best technical schools of the kingdom. In his "Mensuration, Hydrostatics and Heat," Mr. Wyatt has heaped together a number of exercises and hints, which some students may find useful, and Mr. Henry Davies has done much the same on a larger scale in his "Miner's Arithmetic and Mensuration." The latter book is, however, one of the evil fruits of the syllabuses of the South Kensington Science and Art Department. It is difficult to understand why a student of mining engineering should require a special book to teach him the simple rules of arithmetic, for more than half the book is taken up with these, and the rest gives only the principal rules of mensuration and a modicum of information about specific gravity, the barometer, thermometer, anerometer and water gauge. Mr. Evans' "Notes on Carpentry and Joinery" is another evil fruit of the syllabus. It is a curious hodge-podge of geometry and applied mechanics, with a few chapters on carpentry and joinery, and cannot be recommended, since all that it contains could be learnt far better from separate text-books.

#### CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.

"The First Philosophers of Greece." By Arthur Fairbanks. London: Kegan Paul.

"The Works of Xenophon." Translated by H. G. Dakyns, M.A. In four vols. Vol. iii., Part I. London and New York: Macmillan.

"Cicero Pro Plancio." Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by H. W. Auden, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan.

"The First Oration of Cicero against Catilina." Edited for the Use of Schools, with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by G. H. Nall, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan.

"Livy." Book IX. Edited by W. J. Woodhouse, M.A. University Correspondence College Press.

"Plato: Laches." Edited by F. G. Plaistowe, M.A., and T. R. Mills, M.A. University Correspondence College Press.

"Euripides: Hippolytus." Edited by John Thompson, M.A., and B. J. Hayes, M.A. University Correspondence College Press.

"A Higher Latin Reader." Edited by H. J. Maidment, M.A., and T. R. Mills, M.A. University Correspondence College Press.

"Exercises and Test Questions on the Tutorial Latin Grammar." By F. L. D. Richardson, B.A., and A. E. W. Hazell, LL.D. University Correspondence College Press.

"First Steps in Continuous Latin Prose." By W. C. Flamstead Walters, M.A. Blackie.

"Hints and Helps in Continuous Greek Prose." By W. C. Flamstead Walters, M.A. Blackie.

"A Junior Latin Syntax." By J. A. Stevens, B.A. Blackie.

"Single Term Latin Readers." By W. Greenstock, M.A. Rivingtons.

M R. FAIRBANKS, of Yale University, may be congratulated on having discovered and satisfied what is almost a new want in Greek educational literature. "The First Philosophers of Greece" presents not merely a text of the fragments surviving from the Ionic, Eleatic, and other pre-Socratic thinkers, nor only an epitome of the summaries given by the early Doxographists, but a lucid and connected account of the original speculations. The translations are generally correct, almost always grammatical, and in many instances the English is quite intelligible without reference to the original Greek. As an instance on the other side we may refer to the version of the passage in which the pre-Kensitic Heracleitus denounces the alarming and indecent mummary of contemporary Ritualists. "If it were not to Dionysos they made the procession and sang the song with phallic symbols their deeds would indeed be most shameful; but Hades and Dionysos are the same, to whomever they go mad and share the revel." From non-scholastic writings it would be difficult to select a sentence of equal length which contained as many

faults in language and style. Yet we are told that the one object for which we study the classical models is to cultivate a sense of literary form. But it would be unfair to single out Mr. Fairbanks because he happens to illustrate, in a striking way, the general inability of academical persons to practise the arts which they spend their lives in teaching. In this respect he is neither better nor worse than most of his fellows, while he has produced a careful and business-like volume, which is sure to be appreciated by all students who wish to gain, without much trouble, a working acquaintance with the theories of those ingenious old Physicists who anticipated by sheer conjecture some of the most elaborate inductions of modern science. "They guessed things," said Matthew Arnold one day, when he was engaged in his favourite amusement of "drawing" his friend Huxley. "They guessed things, and you prove them. I don't see the difference." "Perhaps you don't," was the rather unkind reply. Nevertheless, the fragmentary speculations of Heracleitus, Xenophanes, Empedocles, and Pythagoras stand out as the highest achievements of pure human cleverness—of speculation without information—and we may thank Mr. Fairbanks for having made them accessible to ordinary intelligent readers.

We have already given favourable notice to Mr. H. G. Dakyns's translation of the Works of Xenophon. The First Volume was issued in 1890; the Second, two years afterwards. We are now presented with the First Part of the Third Volume, which contains the "Memorabilia," the "Apology," the "Economist," the "Symposium," and the "Hiero," while the "Chase," the "General of Cavalry," and the "Horse and Horsemanship" are reserved for the Second Part. The "Cyropaedia" will be dealt with in a Fourth and final Volume, which is promised before the end of the century. The pace may seem slow to those who have accounted Xenophon one of the "easy" writers, but scholars are aware that he abounds in difficulties. Of Mr. Dakyns's work as a translator we may confidently say that it will not have to be done over again. His version may be accepted as in all essential matters satisfactory, especially as he has increased the value of his text by a great number of footnotes which, in the main, are non-controversial. He points out, and has fairly grappled with, the perplexities of Xenophon's portrait of Socrates. Of the Symposium he remarks that failure may be excused in the attempt to reproduce humorously the "humour of a strange and antique people." Not only may the style of the Disciple receive less than justice, but the reputation of the Master may be injured. "It would be a great error," he says, "to take Xenophon's dramatisation of Socrates and the rest at more than its pretended worth; philosophers at play. But to mistake an anglicised réchauffé of the Xenophontine humour for a true characterisation of the best and wisest of men would be worse than a calamity—a calumny." Let us test Mr. Dakyns's tact by the criterion which he so modestly deprecates. We open the book at the "laus amoris" in the opening Sections of the Eighth Chapter. The philosopher starts one of his novel arguments:—

"It were but reasonable, sirs, on our part not to ignore the mighty power here present, a divinity in point of age, coequal with the everlasting gods, yet in outward form the youngest, who in magnitude embraces all things, and yet his shrine is planted in the soul of man. Love is his name! and least of all should we forget him who are one and all votaries of this god. For myself I cannot name the time at which I have not been in love with some one. And Charmides here has, to my knowledge, captivated many a lover, while his own soul has gone out in longing for the love of not a few himself. So it is with Critobulus also: the beloved of yesterday is become the lover of to-day. Aye, and Nicératus, as I am told, adores his wife, and is by her adored. As for Hermogenes, which of us needs to be told that the soul of the fond lover is consumed with a passion for a fair ideal—call it by what name you will—the spirit blent of nobleness and beauty? See ye not what chaste severity dwells on his brow; how tranquil his gaze; how moderate his words; how gentle his intonation; how radiant his whole character? And if he enjoys the friendship of the most holy gods, he keeps

a place in his regard for us poor mortals. But how is it that you alone, Antisthenes, you misanthrope, love nobody?

"Nay, so help me Heaven (he replied), but I do love most desperately yourself, O Socrates.

"Whereat Socrates, still carrying on the jest, with a coy coquettish air, replied: 'Yes, only please do not bother me at present. I have other things to do, you see.'

And so on and so on. The philosophers at play! The crowning jest is when Socrates remarks that the less said about this love the better—the attachment clearly being not to his soul but to his lovely person! It must be admitted that Mr. Dakyns has acquitted himself skilfully in a risky task, and it is no fault of his—or, we think, of the English language—that this light pleasantry, this top-dressing of Attic culture, looks very like modern buffoonery. There are, it will be seen from the above extract, some faults of style, and even of grammar, in Mr. Dakyns's translation; but as a whole it is fluent as well as correct, and such mistakes and blemishes as have been left by the author can easily be amended in the next edition. The book would be none the worse for a strict revision line by line.

The chief feature of Mr. Auden's edition of Cicero's "Pro Plancio" is the necessary and very interesting Introduction. He gives us an excellent account of Roman law and practice in regard to Elections, the rules against bribery, intimidation and other forms of moral suasion in Republican politics, and of the means by which those restrictions were systematically evaded. The only fault we have to find with Mr. Auden is that he writes too much as if he were giving a lecture to pupils in search of examination "tips." There is too much of the One, Two, Three in his exposition. We do not object to this sort of thing in the commonplace cram-book, but Mr. Auden's style and scholarship are worthy of a higher aim. His Notes are judicious both in length and content. A Ciceronian text, of a humbler character, has been edited by Mr. G. H. Nall, who is not inexperienced in the preparation of elementary classical texts. His "First Oration against Catilina" possesses the qualities observable in his other work. It is short, direct and sensible.

Frankly adapted for examination purposes are the numerous publications comprised in the University Tutorial Series, four of which lie before us: "Livy," Book IX., by Mr. Woodhouse; the "Laches" of Plato, by Mr. Plaistowe and Mr. Mills; the "Hippolytus" of Euripides, by Mr. Thompson and Mr. Hayes; and "A Higher Latin Reader," by Mr. Maidment and Mr. Mills, intended to give instruction in the art of doing "unseens"; and "Exercises and Test Questions on the Tutorial Latin Grammar," by Mr. Richardson and Mr. Hazell. These volumes and others of the same kind are assured of a certain sale in a definite *clientèle*. They are turned out in a workmanlike way by competent scholars, but it would be almost an intrusion to consider them from an outside point of view.

Mr. Flamstead Walters in "First Steps in Continuous Latin Prose" and "Hints and Helps in Continuous Greek Prose" has defined by his titles the end which he has in view. We find nothing novel in his treatment, but in the hands of a practical teacher the books will prove safe and, in some places, suggestive. Much the same may be said of "A Junior Latin Syntax," compiled by Mr. Stevens. There are plenty of other manuals as good, but this will serve. Mr. Greenstock has prepared, for quite elementary use, a number of "Single Term Latin Readers." Of the three before us it is sufficient to say that they are up to the average of the ordinary school "Delectus," and possess the special merit of being easily carried in the waistcoat pocket, so that a very good and studious boy might, if he liked, take one of them out of doors and with its help beguile such leisure as he may be allowed to steal from the serious labours of the cricket-field.

#### TEXT-BOOKS.

"A School History of English Literature." Vol. II.  
"Shakespeare to Dryden." By Elizabeth Lee. "The Merchant of Venice." Edited by H. L. Withers.  
"Selections from Taine," with an Introduction by C. Sarolea. Blackie.

"The Merchant of Venice," "The Tempest," "King Lear," "Paradise Lost" (Books IX. and X.) Edited by A. W. Verity; "Earle's Microcosmography," Edited by A. S. West. Cambridge: University Press.

"King Lear." Edited by P. Shearyn: Black.

"Paradise Regained." Edited by A. J. Wyatt: Clive.  
"King John": Arnold's School Shakespeare. By F. P. Barnard: Arnold.

Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." Edited by W. T. Webb: Macmillan.

THE second volume of Miss Lee's English Literature is in every way equal to the first in interest and merit. It is not very profound, perhaps, and some of its history is a little popular, but it is charming nevertheless, and will form an admirable introduction to a larger study. The author's object is descriptive rather than critical, which means that her work will appeal to a maximum number of those who seek a first and necessarily superficial account of the landmarks of literature. The period covered in the present volume is of the utmost interest, and for those who consider that life is too short to read, say, the original of "Paradise Lost," Miss Lee's summary of Milton's masterpiece may be commended to their notice. Mr. Verity's edition of the poem is noteworthy for its excellent, if brief, life of Milton, whom he finds lacking in the large-heartedness and the genial breadth of Shakespeare. In "Paradise Regained," Mr. Wyatt's edition of which is before us, this perhaps is even more the case than in the earlier work. At any rate, we find in "Paradise Regained," as Mr. Wyatt points out in a happy touch, that Satan is "no longer a fallen angel but a fallen devil."

Mr. Verity's "Pitt Press Shakespeare" is capital. His judgments are always sane and cultured. Miss Lee is largely content to bring out the essential humanness of Shakespeare; so is Mr. Shearyn, who finds "King Lear" the embodiment of "a ruling idea," viz., "the sacredness of the love between parent and child." Miss Lee and Mr. Verity are rather at variance as to the bard's maintenance of the cardinal and classic principles of unity of action, time and place. Mr. Withers, in introducing "The Merchant of Venice," finds unity of action maintained not by any abstract idea, but by the vital interdependence of feelings and fortunes among the persons of the Drama. One of the most suggestive points made in these text-books is Mr. Verity's with regard to "The Tempest," which reminds him of the two great movements of the Elizabethan age—travel and colonisation. In Caliban's relations to Prospero he thinks he finds a hint of Shakespeare's views with regard to the relations of native races to the white men who settle in their lands. From another point of view, the spirit of the age in which Shakespeare lived may be seen in his account of King John, who, Mr. F. P. Barnard suggests, is judged from the standpoint not of the time of Magna Charta, but rather of the Reformation and the Armada.

Of Mr. Webb's edition of Macaulay's Lays, "which have revivified and popularised the old poetic legends of Italy for the ears of thousands of people," we can only say that it will assist the delight with which the poems are invariably hailed by schoolboys; Mr. West assists the reader to a better understanding than is perhaps possible from Dr. Bliss of Earle's "Microcosmography," with its allusions to unfamiliar features of English life in the early part of the seventeenth century, and Mr. C. Sarolea briefly, but pleasantly, introduces some "Selections from Taine," which form a welcome addition to Blackie's Modern French Texts. The little volume serves the purpose both of acquainting the youthful reader with some characteristic passages from the author of "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine," and of practice in the reading of excellent French prose.

#### HISTORY.

"Western Civilisation." By W. Cunningham, D.D. Cambridge: at the University Press.  
"The Intermediate Text-book of English History." Vol. IV. By A. J. Evans and C. S. Fearnside.  
"The Children's Study: England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Rome, Greece. London: Unwin.

"History of Rome for Beginners." By E. S. Shuckburgh. London: Macmillan.

"The Conquest of Italy." By E. G. Wilkinson. London: Black.

"History of the People of Israel." By Prof. Carl H. Cornill. London: Kegan Paul.

"Isaiah." By J. Skinner, D.D. "Joel and Amos." By Rev. S. R. Drower. Cambridge: at the University Press.

"The Raleigh History Reader." Vol. VI. Reign of Queen Victoria. By T. H. Rose. London: Blackie.

**M**R. CUNNINGHAM, in attempting to give some account of Western Civilisation in its economic aspects in ancient times, has undertaken a task at once exceptionally difficult and exceptionally fascinating. He found himself hampered at almost every turn by lack of information, and has consequently elected to make bricks often with the veriest apology for straws. Whether the structure he has reared out of such materials will stand the test of time it is impossible to tell. In any case he has given us a very interesting volume, in which the beginnings of Western Civilisation are made abundantly clear. It is a remarkable fact that in the lands contiguous with the Mediterranean there has been an unbroken tradition of civilised life. Mr. Cunningham indicates the manner in which the great peoples of the past have severally contributed to that civilisation now so rapidly being diffused over the whole globe. In doing this he necessarily examines, however slightly, the conditions of commercial intercourse and the sources of national prosperity. All who are attracted by economic history will turn with advantage to this latest edition of the Cambridge Historical Series.

Messrs. Evans & Fearenside's English history has been noticed favourably from time to time in these columns. The new volume carries us from 1714 down to the beginning of the present reign. In arrangement, in conciseness of statement, in reliability of data the work has everything to commend it to the student. If it has a fault it is that here and there the authors are inclined to overload a sentence with facts, and here and there to drop into colloquialisms out of harmony with the dignity of history. They aim at affording readers, especially teachers and private students, the opportunity of acquiring a sound knowledge of the outlines of British history during a period whose dominant facts are the personal union of Great Britain and Hanover, the growth of British supremacy in India and on the seas, the loss of the first and the acquisition of the second colonial empire, the establishment of our still existing system of party Government, the Industrial Revolution and the consequent reconstruction of our ecclesiastical and parliamentary machinery. The interest of the present volume, however, is wider even than this. The introductory chapter traces with masterly brevity the main features of the constitutional history of Great Britain and the international history of Europe down to 1714, showing that whereas Great Britain grew by "the coming together of separate parts," Europe "attained its present shape by means of successive schisms and divisions."

The Children's Study is a collection of seven small histories for young people. As is usual with a series of this sort, the merit of the volumes is very unequal. Against Mrs. Oliphant on Scotland, R. Barry O'Brien on Ireland, Alice Zimmern on Greece, Mary Ford on Rome and Kate Kroeker on Germany, there is, on the whole, little to be said, but Mary Rowsell in dealing with France and Frances E. Cooke in dealing with England were either of opinion that anything would do for children or were burdened by a consciousness that it was necessary to write down to their audience.

Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh's History of Rome for beginners is not, the author points out, a mere abbreviation of his larger history, but is practically a new work, his desire being to hit the mean between a primer and an advanced history. We think he may claim to have succeeded. "The Conquest of Italy" is one of a series of useful progressive Latin readers, made up of texts from Livy and others, accompanied by explanatory notes; Professor C. H. Cornill's History of the People of Israel from the earliest times to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans has been written specially for

lay readers, and is now translated from the German by Professor W. H. Carruth. It does not follow the Bible story, and the average reader will find plenty in it to interest him. No doubt the German Emperor's attention has been drawn to it, in view of his approaching excursion to the Holy Land. His Majesty may not only learn from it something of the history of Palestine, but, if he is capable of absorbing professorial wisdom, he may even derive a measure of advantage from some of Herr Cornill's reflections on rulers and empires.

Although the methods of treatment are wholly unlike, it is convenient to mention in this connexion the Cambridge Bible for schools and colleges, the merits of which are deservedly well known. The series represents much independent scholarship and culture; Dr. Kirkpatrick has ably carried on the editorial work of the Bishop of Worcester; and the two volumes before us show the same patient devotion in the interpretation and elucidation of the books of Joel, Amos and Isaiah as their predecessors. Dr. Skinner's introduction to Isaiah is especially notable. It strikes us as an excellent presentment both of the condition of Israel in Isaiah's time and of the character and accomplishments of the prophet.

In the latest volume of the Raleigh History Readers, Mr. Rose takes a comprehensive survey of the present reign. It is encouraging to find in a volume of this sort a reasonable grasp of the economic and national developments of the past half century. Mr. Rose is fairly impartial in his judgments on men and things, and as a slight introduction to the history of our own times his volume will be useful. It has been compiled in an intelligent and painstaking spirit.

#### GEOGRAPHY, DRAWING, &c.

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*[A number of Reviews of Educational Books are unavoidably held over until next week.]*

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of the statues of the mother of God idolatry. You take this commandment: "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image; thou shalt not adore them nor worship them;" but this commandment cannot be taken to condemn the use of images. Was it not the command of God that two graven images of the cherubim put on the Ark of the Covenant and images of angels in the Temple of Solomon, and was Joshua and the ancients breaking the commandment when "Joshua rent his garments, and fell flat on the ground before the Ark of the Lord until the evening, both he and all the ancients of Israel?"

Before I go any further I may repeat what Archdeacon Paley said in a sermon on the commandments (Works, Ed. Edinb., 1826, page 655): "The prohibition of the commandment is pointed against the particular offence of idolatry and no other. The first and second commandments may be considered as one, inasmuch as they relate to one subject, or nearly so. For many ages, and by many Churches, they were put together and considered as one commandment. The subject to which they both relate is false worship or the worship of false gods. This is the single subject to which the prohibition of both commandments—the single class of sins—which is guarded against." This is what St. Jerome says in reference to our reverence of statues: "Not only do we not adore the relics of the martyrs, but we do not even adore the angels, the archangels, the cherubim, the seraphim. Yet we honour the relics of the martyrs that we may adore Him whose martyrs they are. We honour the servants, that the honour bestowed on them may redound to their master." "Amen, amen, I say to you; he that believeth in Me, the works that I do, he also shall do; and greater than these shall he do, because I go to the Father." "He that hath faith shall remove mountains." So we see that anybody that do not get cured at Lourdes hath not got much faith.

Up to the present I have been on the defensive, now let me step on the offensive. Christ said to the Pharisees, "Search the Scriptures, for you think in them to have life everlasting; and the same are they that give testimony of Me" (St. John v. 39). "No prophecy is made by private interpretation" (2 St. Peter, iii. 16). Where the Scriptures cannot be the test, nor can they decide the conflict; since, with regard to them, the victory must remain in suspense (Tertullian in the second century, "Book on Prescription," chapter xix.). And yet heretics will go on believing that they can get the true religion of God by interpreting the Bible by themselves. There is nearly 300 different Protestant sects in England. Which is the right one? Is it the Anglican Church, where they are always fighting each other, and carrying revolvers in their cassock pockets, or is the Salvation Army? But what is the good of my wasting time and paper on such as you? what does St. Jude say of such as you? "These men blaspheme whatever thing they know not; and what things soever they naturally know, like dumb beasts in these they are corrupted. Woe unto them, for they are gone in the way of Cain; and after the error of Balaam; they have for reward poured out themselves, and have perished in the contradiction of Core. Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own confusion, wandering stars: to whom the storm of darkness is reserved for ever. In the last time shall come mockers"—you are one of them.

F. A. ALCOCK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I was greatly amused at "An Indignant Catholic's" impulsive and stupid letter on your article on the "Lourdes Superstition." He seems to altogether forget that the power of Cardinal Vaughan only extends over the simple, ignorant-minded Catholics, and not over common-sense people of this creed, who, in such a matter as this, would not lose their heads over a little free criticism. "An Indignant Catholic" says that on Cardinal Vaughan's instructions your "lying" paper will be boycotted. If in this matter the large body of Catholics are to be led by a unit, it is no surprise that they should uphold a superstition countenanced by the highest officials in the Church of Rome. Your correspondent, apparently labouring

under another superstition, is going to see about the good old "Saturday" being "settled," but from the calm sarcasm contained in the editor's foot-note, I think you fear this as much as you will the supposed powers of the Pontiff to doom you to an everlasting residence outside Paradise.—Yours, &c.,

AN OLD READER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, 26 August, 1898.

SIR,—What a light touch and a pretty wit the zealous Protestant had who wrote to you under the title "An Indignant Catholic"? and, oh, how charmingly innocent were you in duly publishing the note and making grave comments on it! It is so fair and open in every way. Put atrocious or ignorant opinions to the credit of those with whom you are in controversy, and screen the artifice under the guise of simplicity.

The longer I live and the more I learn the more I marvel at English fair play.—Your obedient servant,

JOHN F. TAYLOR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 August, 1898.

SIR,—If Roman Catholicism produces such beautiful souls as we see revealed to us in "An Indignant Catholic's" letter (appearing in your issue of 27 August), the gullible public who are not of his faith need be in no hurry to become converts to the religion of which he is such a grand prototype. The spirit of love, humanity and tolerance which pervades his vulgar epistle will, I am sure, greatly help towards bringing the strayed sheep within the fold "of the only true faith."—Yours faithfully,

Vox.

HEALTH AND BRAIN-WORK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The evidence on which Mr. P. Chalmers Mitchell seeks to establish a principle in respect to coincidence of brain-work and imperfect health is to me by no means convincing; neither does Mr. Mitchell's restricted admiration for intellect fully equip him for dealing with the question.

If it be a matter of interest to make the conclusions he has arrived at public, I take it that Mr. Mitchell has endeavoured to inculcate a theory which is of general application, but the common factors of brain-force appear to be nearly disregarded in his article. He certainly does refer to country occupations, but the direct evidence he adduces is from pre-eminent brain-workers. This is a curious method of establishing a far-reaching principle. I doubt very much if Mr. Mitchell cares ought about the brain-work that makes the world go round; he favours an intellectual neurosis with its hypercriticism and refined subtlety. It is a common saying nowadays that the world is ruled by engineers, and it appears not very wide of the mark. If that be so Mr. Mitchell's thesis most certainly should apply to engineers. They have various and intricate problems to solve, and they must have the will and bodily energy to put into execution their plans. I have no hesitation in saying, therefore, that *mens sana in corpore sano* is a very noticeable characteristic with those prosaic and indispensable workers.

The list of those pre-eminent ones supplied by Mr. Mitchell "and a thousand other poets" thrown in is a fair example of the evidence used by him in support of his theory, and I doubt not, if the lives of those distinguished men could be submitted to a suitable analysis for the purposes of furthering this discussion, the list would prove to be an unfortunate one. Carlyle, for instance, was an octogenarian, and longevity, it must be allowed, is somewhat indicative of health. De Quincey's constitution was ruined by opiates, but who is to deny that their intellectual achievements might have been still greater if the infirmity had been absent?

Again, what weight can be attached to the statement that the whole galaxy of "pre-eminent" known to Mr. Mitchell "have, to say the least of it, *something fragile* about their bodily constitution." The italics are mine. One cannot expect to go through life without an ache or a pain, and, on the other hand, it would be quite an easy task to prepare a list of pre-eminent

brain-workers who maintained a general standard of health and lived the allotted span.

It is a mere platitude to tell us that "these higher unctions of brain flourish only in the secluded garden of an artificial civilisation," an elegant paraphrase of Spencer's definition of life—in short, a correspondence with environment. A brain eternally shut up in bricks and mortar more like would certainly manifest an idiosyncrasy, but that would not affect the broad current of life unceasingly pouring along a well-defined plane of progression, and it is to that "broad current" that Mr. Mitchell would apply his theory, based on the slender deductions from, well, let us say, brilliant idiosyncrasy.

To me Mr. Mitchell's interesting but ingenuous theory seems too narrow and circumscribed to admit of serious discussion. It stands refuted by the laws propounded by Darwin and the material progress taking place around us which has never been accomplished by infirmity of either body or brain, but a healthy co-ordination of both.—Yours faithfully,

CORPORE SANO.

#### WAGNER ON RICHMOND HILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, G. Bernard Shaw, says, in reference to Mr. Schulz-Curtius' scheme, he means to support it "because it must be that or nothing else." As if it were not the action of such as he who make the "nothing else" inevitable! For it is these "free imports of German work that are killing English music as certainly as American wheat killed English agriculture. In truth, at present the only attitude likely to forward the result desired in your provocative paragraph is that of the dog in the manger. But that they should forego their chief amusement for the general good is too much to ask of the musical enthusiasts represented by your correspondent, who may plead, as an excuse for their selfishness, the example of other leaders of fashion in following the Court. They can hardly urge the reproach of narrow insularity, or raise a parrot cry of the innate cosmopolitanism of art in view of the pronounced national spirit that characterises the compositions of the favourite gods of their idolatry, Beethoven, who envoiced the old ideals of his country, and Wagner, whose music holds the essence of the modern strenuous determination of the Germans, which he did as much to inculcate as even Bismarck; and to cite the large audiences that gather at the numerous concerts of *good* music given in London as a proof of our musical advance is no more absurd than to describe England as a sugar-producing country because of her enormous capacity for consuming beetroot crystals.

The fact is, we are daily growing less musical. Twenty years ago the man in the street occasionally broke into song; now he can't even catch a music-hall tune! In the country the boys still practise the hymns taught by the choir-master as they ride home on the plough-horses; but that this is a lost art in London, those who witnessed—it's impossible to suppose heard—that amusing fiasco, the memorial hymning to Gladstone in Hyde Park, need not be told.

All this beautiful music, so absolutely satisfying to those superior beings who dwell in an empyrean bounded only by their prejudices and illuminated by their desires, merely tickles the ears of the laity and leaves them unaltered, or, swallowed but not assimilated, produces a disagreeable form of dyspepsia. Were it not for a certain delicacy in exposing the bare truth most of us might make the deplorable confession of finding "The Banks of Allan Water" more touching than any German lied, and "The British Grenadiers" more inspiriting than the "Kaisermarsch."

Music that has an educational value must be comprehensible, expressive of one's nature, national. You may, with plenty of "elbow grease" to bring out the natural marks and lines, polish a block of English oak into a thing of beauty, but to daub it, however completely, with red, white, and black would only smother the wood. As is the case with English music, for lack of "elbow grease" no art can flourish without encouragement.

We had the germs, and once—in Queen Elizabeth's

time, say—were on a par with our neighbours. The Stuarts, who, with their French mistresses and pensions, affected French culture, did not advance matters, nor the "George, who in pudding-time came o'er," who (or it might have been his son), caring neither for "painting nor poetry," felt blood was thicker than water, and patronised Handel. His descendants, with an admirable loyalty (copied in the letter rather than in the spirit by our aristocracy), have continued the tradition, and, also keeping in touch with their fatherland, have progressed with its progress, and are now so artistic that it is as rare to see an English name figuring at a State Concert as it is to find one on the programme of a ball or a military band performance.

Under the circumstances it is perhaps scarcely decent to unclothe the coffin of what might have been, and your correspondent G. Bernard Shaw is justified of his action.—Your obedient servant,

A. D.

#### THE MONTSERRAT RIOTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

August 29, 1898.

Sir,—I have much pleasure in informing your readers that the eighty-two alleged rioters removed from Montserrat to Antigua for trial have all been discharged, and have been safely restored to their respective homes in Montserrat. "For the first time in the negro history of these islands," writes the "Montserrat Herald" of 30 July, "right has taken the place of might, and justice has been meted out to a friendless and oppressed people." This result is due to the circumstance of Mr. Chamberlain being Secretary of State for the Colonies. Ever since Mr. Chamberlain announced in the House of Commons his intention of settling my clients (the native labouring populations of the West Indies and of British Guiana) on the soil, the status of every coloured subject of the Queen-Empress in those dependencies—a status up to the present moment far worse than that of slavery—became changed and modified. It is actually possible now—all honour to Mr. Chamberlain!—to obtain justice for the native labouring populations in the West Indies. The "Montserrat Herald" of 30 July goes on to say: "A full and exhaustive representation must at once be made to the Secretary of State for the Colonies to have our grievances redressed and satisfaction demanded for the injuries some of our people have received from the Government." Mr. Commissioner Baynes and Captain Learmonth, Inspector-General of Police in the Leeward Islands, after failing to murder in cold blood the defenceless peasantry of Montserrat, fraudulently published to the world that the native labouring population of the island had revolted against law and authority. The above-named officials, having been unable to establish their base charge before a court of justice in Antigua, will indeed be fortunate if they themselves escape punishment at the hands of the present powerful Secretary of State for the Colonies.—Your obedient servant,

CHARLES HENEAGE,  
(Representing the West Indian and Demerara Editors.)

#### EVIDENCE OF PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As I have not seen a full report of the case of Callan, I am not qualified to give a positive opinion on it; but it reads to me very like an assault by a lunatic on his attendant, repelled by the latter with excessive and unnecessary violence, he having armed himself in consequence of the premonitory symptoms. My object, however, is to call attention to the fact that a previous conviction for perjury, and even a previous acquittal on a charge of larceny, were given in evidence against Callan. Was this fair? Moreover, a man might very well commit both crimes and yet abstain from committing murder. Men have been thieves all their lives without ever committing a single violent assault. But if the ordinary juror gets it into his head that the prisoner is a scoundrel there is little chance for him.

In England this would not be permitted. But very possibly some of the jurors are aware of the man's previous history, and tell it in a highly coloured manner to their companions. And even if the jurors are

ignorant the judge knows it, and a strong charge against the prisoner is often caused by information given to the judge but not in evidence at all. Indeed in cases of acquittal he has sometimes made known the prisoner's previous history, and blamed the jury for acquitting a prisoner with such antecedents! And so, though the case may have utterly broken down, the prisoner leaves the dock with a damaged reputation. Moreover, there seems to be no check whatever on the accuracy of the information thus given to the judge. The John Smith in the dock may be quite a different man from the John Smith who was sent to penal servitude six years ago, but he never hears of the accusation until the judge perhaps alludes to it in passing sentence. May it not be better for the prisoner that his previous offences should be proved in evidence than that the police should pour their stories on the subject secretly into the ears of the judge?

But why should any one be informed of the man's previous career? If he committed a crime and was convicted of it, the presumption is that he fully and fairly expiated it. Then why should he now incur an additional penalty on account of it? If our prisons were really reformatories, we might presume that he left prison with an improved character, and was not likely to offend again; and, if they are not so, why should we visit the defects of our prison system on the victims of it? Every crime should, I think, be dealt with on its own merits, both as regards proof and punishment.—Truly yours,

B. L.

## MR. ZANGWILL'S HUMOUR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Edinburgh, 29 August, 1898.

SIR,—In the review of Mr. Zangwill's book, in the "Saturday Review" of 27 August, a sentence contains the following "humorous construction of sentences originated by the author of 'Pickwick,' who speaks . . . of an old lady being taken home 'in tears and a sedan chair.'" May I take exception to the word *originated* in the above? You will find in Moir's ("Delta") "Autobiography of Mansie Waugh" (1828) many good examples of this "humorous construction of sentences." I haven't the book before me, but quote one from memory as an instance. In the beautifully-written scene where the apprentice, Mungo Glen, is taken home to the Lammermoors to die, he becomes so ill on the way that he has to be left at Lauder in the house of "a poor widow woman with a blind eye and a room to let furnished."—Yours, &c.,

J. R. P.

## DID THE CAT PUT DOWN GAROTTING?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 August.

SIR,—A statement concerning the Garotters Act of 1863, based on an article which appeared in the "Lancet" of 20 August is going the rounds of the press. It is a rehash of a minute given in Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," and I dare say it appears in other works of a similar kind. "The one and only remedy," says the "Lancet," in its plea for the extension of flogging in our penal system, "is the cat. It is cheap and efficacious. It did away with garrotting in the 'sixties,' and every one will remember how Mr. Justice Day broke up the 'High Rip Gang' in Liverpool by the use of the same means." It is irritating to remark such wonderful and nauseating ignorance, and, if you will kindly allow me, I think I can conclusively prove to your readers that there is not a jot of evidence to support this assertion, and that it is a bare statement of the common delusion.

The facts as to garrotting are as follows: In 1862 there was a sudden outbreak of garotte robberies in the streets of London. The epidemic, which began in July, lasted just four months. At the November Sessions of the Central Criminal Court twenty-seven persons were indicted for this crime, and twenty-one were convicted and received exemplary punishment. At the Sessions in January, 1863, the calendar showed very few offences of this character, and at the March Sessions the Recorder observed to the grand jury, "I am glad to say that there is an absence of those peculiar charges of robbery with violence, of which there was a large

number towards the end of last year, and which have been gradually decreasing during the last two or three years." On 13 July, 1863, a Flogging Bill was passed into law by the House of Commons. According to these facts, it is clear that flogging did not put down garrotting, for the crime had been suppressed several months before the Flogging Bill was even introduced into the House.

Lord Aberdare, when Home Secretary, stated to the House that robbery with violence had not decreased by means of the lash. Taking the country throughout, all crime, he said, was slowly diminishing, but this particular crime decreased no faster. This statement has been repeated by other Home Secretaries, and Mr. Asquith stated a few months ago at a public meeting that the lash was not approved by him for crimes of violence. Garrotting has declined elsewhere than in England, and I believe that in Scotland it was never punishable by flogging.

As to the experience of judges, some who have tried flogging have given it up; among others I may mention Mr. Justice Hawkins, though he used the power the Act gave when it was first passed. He says the punishment is uneven, and therefore unjust, and only last year he told a grand jury, who made a presentment to him setting forth the desirability of extending flogging in cases of brutal assault, that it was no good. Mr. Justice Mathew never inflicts the lash, and has often stated that it is useless. Some judges always flog, others never do so. Mr. Justice Day is a great flogger. But, then, Mr. Justice Day is one of the Dracos of the Bench, though he sometimes sleep on the Bench. As to the "High Rip Gang," I fancy the story is as mythical as in the case of the garotters. But whether or no flogging put the "High Rips" down, in an age like this I doubt if such a gang could exist permanently. What we hear of the efficiency of flogging in our penal system is of the most shadowy description, and always melts away when brought to the test of statistics.

To sum up the main points: there is no proof of the efficiency of flogging; it has been largely reduced in all civilised countries, and abolished in several, without any increase in crime, but rather the reverse (Russia, even, has abolished the lash in the ordinary criminal law); the floggers never venture to try it without adding some other punishment, in the case of Day, Lawrence and Grantham, of the most savage description; that in the army and navy the person who is flogged is almost always dismissed the service, thus showing a want of faith in their reforming agency.—I am, yours faithfully,

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

## "TRUE HEART."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I thank you for publishing my letter, and I am sorry if I misconstrued your reviewer's original notice of "True Heart." My sole object in my little apologia was merely to show that I had striven to write sincerely, even if I failed to achieve the end in view. But it seems to me that the "artistic truth" of an historical picture must largely depend on its "historical accuracy." It would, however, be ungracious on my part to press this question after your reviewer's pains-taking and courteous reply. I submit, however, that I have some ground for surprise in the opinion expressed that "I am scarcely the person to write a romance," if by romance is meant a human drama in which the characters convince by their "artistic truth." May I draw attention to the issues of the "Saturday Review" for 1 January, 1894, and 24 August, 1895, in which my novels, "A Heroine in Homespun" and "God Forsaken," were respectively reviewed? No such opinion was expressed in regard to those two books, and yet I wrote "True Heart" from the same point of view, and with the same or an even keener inward sense of the reality of the characters I essayed to portray, even though they were of alien race and epoch. Nevertheless, sincere criticism spurs to more strenuous effort, and possibly I may succeed hereafter in inducing a return to the earlier and more favourable judgment passed upon previous works of mine. With apologies for again rushing into the breach, and renewed thanks, I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

FREDERIC BRETON.

## REVIEWS.

M. BRUNETIÈRE.

"Brunetière's Essays in French Literature." A selection translated by D. Nichol Smith. With a Preface specially written for this translation by the author. London: Unwin.

"Nouveaux Essais sur la Littérature Contemporaine." Par Ferdinand Brunetière. Paris: Lévy.

WHETHER we like the work of M. Brunetière or are repelled and offended by it, there can be no question that its author is one of the literary forces of Europe to-day. He has gradually, and as it were imperceptibly, taken his place and it is now impossible to ignore him. He has published no single work which has attracted sudden attention to his name, and, indeed, although that name appears on the title-pages of nearly twenty volumes, no one book stands out among its fellows as peculiarly representative of M. Brunetière. The titles of his works suggest the impersonal or unsensational character of the man; they are "Questions de Critique," and "Nouvelles Questions de Critique," "Études Critiques, 1<sup>re</sup> série," and "Études Critiques, 2<sup>e</sup> série," "Essais sur la Littérature" and "Nouveaux Essais sur la Littérature." All this helps us in forming an impression of a professional and even pedagogic personage, very obstinate, very dogmatic, very austere, with views based upon an extreme erudition and unaffected by variations of public taste. M. Brunetière is a sort of head-master of literary criticism, with his robes flying and his tawse in his hand, ready in the loudest possible voice to instruct the modest and with the most active of arms to chastise the proud. That does not, of course, exhaust the function of M. Brunetière, but it suggests its most obvious feature.

Although he has changed not at all in his attitude nor in the character of his work, the name of M. Brunetière has but quite lately achieved a general celebrity. His career has had no adventures. Born in 1849, he was marked from the first for an academic career and for the study of literature. He began quite early to be a lecturer; he was appointed to the chair in the École Normale Supérieure, which Sainte-Beuve and Désiré Nisard had held before him. Before he became a man of letters, therefore, he was a college instructor, and the effect of this is marked in every piece of criticism he writes. A monograph by M. Brunetière is always less an essay than a "cours de rhétorique." Nearly five-and-twenty years ago he attracted the notice of that shrewdest of editors, the late François Buloz, who recognised in this young schoolmaster the precise qualities requisite in a writer for the "Revue des Deux Mondes." With that famous publication he has been closely connected ever since, and he is now its editor. What M. Brunetière has not learned from the École Normale he owes to the "Revue des Deux Mondes." He is the intellectual outcome, the representative fine flower and fullest expression of those two remarkable institutions. For ideas, for qualities, for modes of thought not compatible with the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and the École Normale it is useless to examine M. Brunetière. To him they represent all the highest possibilities of men and manners, and he is their topmost blossom.

It would have been ridiculous if the French Academy had delayed too long to recognise the prodigious knowledge and solid gifts of the typical French professor. M. Brunetière, who disdains false modesty, indicated, with a sound like the growl of a bear, that he thought the time was fully ripe for his election; the Academy hesitated no longer, and in 1894 M. Brunetière was elected to the fauteuil left empty by the death of John Lemoine. This promotion has made no change in the direction or quality of the critic's studies, but it has singularly increased his authority. If ever there was a man whose place was marked in the French Academy, it is he; academic he is to his finger-tips, and when he speaks, in his dogmatic way, the Company seems to speak behind him with the tradition of two centuries and a half. When he pronounced his "Discours de Réception" he amused his fashionable audience by the independent tone he took. It is usual to express amazement at

finding one's self in such exalted company, or to pretend that one is hopelessly unworthy. M. Brunetière bluntly said that he was not surprised to be there, for he had asked to be elected; would not pretend that he did not deserve it, as that would seem to depreciate the taste of his electors; and finally would not conceal his extreme satisfaction in finding himself at last where he ought to be. We quote from memory, and perhaps the terms he used were a little more courtly than these, but the purport was undoubtedly the same.

The essays of M. Brunetière are solid dissertations, in which an argument is strenuously conducted to a logical conclusion. He is indifferent to ornament, and for details he shows a curious disregard. No one need approach his works, except perhaps what he has written about Bossuet, with any hope of discovering an array of small new facts. The view of M. Brunetière is that we have been too long in the hands of archaeologists and biographical specialists, and that what we now require is the wide philosophic outlook, a firm sense of the relations of masses of literature to one another. His attitude is in the boldest sense a conservative one, and it is only of late years that he has consented to seek for merit in compositions of the second half of the nineteenth century. He wrote as though man could require no intellectual food of a lighter description than Descartes and Massillon had supplied, and there can be no question that his influence was limited by the report which was spread abroad that his mind was obstinately closed to modern impressions of every kind. This he has shown to be unjust, but it is obvious that it is in the past, and especially among the great authors of Louis XIV., that M. Brunetière moves and breathes with the greatest ease.

To the main tendency of opinion among the young in France M. Brunetière has always been opposed. That a pedagogue, an academic critic, a lecturer of the Ecole Normale, should be so opposed is not at all surprising, but what does deserve attention is the undeniable fact that M. Brunetière has held his own against the multitude of his juvenile opponents, and is now in a more influential position than ever before. We have seen in this country an outburst of that youthful egotism which pretends that in the brevity of life there is room for nothing but the glorification of the latest generation by its own turbulent members; but, if this ignoble violence has affected English criticism a little, it has been a positive plague in France. These revolutionaries justify their intolerance by a theory of art in its most personal, most egotistical manifestations, isolating it from all approach of morals or science, or even of intellectual evolution. They claim their right, as inspired mortals, to "cultivate their hysteria with ecstasy and terror," as one of themselves has put it. With this paradoxical and inhuman conception of art M. Brunetière has not merely no sympathy, but he regards it without toleration as the accursed thing, and he never ceases to inveigh against it. It is this which distinguishes him from M. Anatole France, who, in his exquisite indifferenciation, dallies with the worst follies of impressionism and artificiality; or from M. Jules Lemaître, who laughs perfidiously, and turns away. M. Brunetière, who is without humour, and to whom mere sensuous beauty does not appeal, tilts like a Don Quixote at every windmill of "l'orgueil de soi." His remedy for all these diseases of taste, for this anarchy of the soul, is a constant reverent contemplation of the great dead, whose blood, as he has said in an unusually eloquent passage, runs in our veins, and to whom we owe every intellectual emotion which rouses and uplifts us. "The past," he tells us, "is not merely the poetry, but perhaps even the very life of the present," and from the unwholesome laudation of Verlaine he seeks refuge in a profound study of Racine.

Such is the author, always interesting, though not always sympathetic or convincing, from whom Mr. D. Nichol Smith has published, in an English version, a selection of seven essays. In choosing specimens out of the vast array of M. Brunetière's writings he has been guided by the advice of the author himself, who supplies a short preface addressed directly to the English reader. We could wish that Mr. D. Nichol Smith had seen his way to a slight modification of M. Brunetière's selection. We should have been glad to see given here one of the critic's remarkable studies on

the great prose classics of France ; a volume of M. Brunetière, for example, is hardly representative if it contains nothing about Bossuet. Not less important is it to realise that the critic is a born fighter, happy to endure a storm of invective in defence of a principle, and ready on occasion to defy public opinion in any of its forms. M. Brunetière has never been more vigorous than when he has denounced the bankruptcy of science or the impudence of impressionism. Perhaps the most finished specimen of his polemic is the essay on "La Statue de Baudelaire," which raised a perfect hailstorm about his ears, but which secretly delighted a great mass of readers who neither strove nor cried, but who lamented the excesses of the school of artistic pathology which claimed the poet of "Les Fleurs du Mal" as its impeccable apostle. But, although Mr. D. Nichol Smith does not give this most entertaining counterblast, he translates "Impressionist Criticism," which, in the form of an attack on the popular mode of reviewing books to-day, is really a valuable apology for the old objective method of treating literature historically.

We are rarely in favour of translations from the French, which are apt to be either superfluous or undesirable. But we are inclined to think that this version of M. Brunetière may prove to be practically serviceable. Mr. D. Nichol Smith has evidently taken pains to reproduce with exactitude the peculiarities of his author's style. As to the positive merit of that style opinions differ. We confess that we cannot persuade ourselves to regard M. Brunetière's prose as an entirely pleasing product of combined erudition and temperament. He should be translated by some one who had learned to frame his sentences in the school of Barrow or of Temple, since he affects, or we should perhaps be careful merely to say he possesses, a curious mania for reproducing the forms of the great period. His sentences are long, they are ponderously balanced, and to an ear accustomed to the shortness of the modern phrase they have something elephantic in their movement. Mr. D. Nichol Smith has grappled courageously and successfully with the difficulties of his task, and we commend his volume to all the lesser race of "indolent reviewers" as a salutary text-book.

#### THE COST OF EMPIRE.

"The Growth of the Empire." By Arthur W. Jose. Sydney : Angus.

A READY-MADE Empire is a glorious thing, and one which may well cause the citizen's heart to swell with pride. But the history of its making puts an altogether different complexion on the matter ; therefore, people who are at all squeamish, or troubled acutely with what is called a conscience, will be well advised not to inquire too closely into the origin and growth of the Imperial power, but to content themselves with admiring its existing glories. Should, however, curiosity or a questioning mind lead them to investigate the foundation and development of our great Empire, they cannot do better than study Mr. Jose's little work, from which the major portion of those details that might shock or grieve their susceptibilities has been delicately eliminated. To do the author justice, however, let us hasten to observe that, if he writes imperially, he also often writes sympathetically. There are matters which specially rouse his indignation, such as our treatment of the Boers before the battle of Majuba Hill taught the British in South Africa the wholesome lesson that weaker nations cannot always be bullied with impunity ; and he has even gone so far as to condemn our shameful treatment of the Maoris, when greedy English Colonists were grabbing in all directions the land to which the right of the New Zealand tribes had been officially acknowledged. But Mr. Jose knows his business, and, we may add, his public, too well to be perpetually reminding his readers of the iniquities of empire-building. He leaves—possibly with cynical humour—the long record of unjustifiable bloodshed, of impudent theft and of unquenchable rapacity to speak for itself ; taking care, at the same time, that the context shall amply demonstrate that the struggle amongst Western nations to secure fresh markets for their commerce, and new outlets for their surplus populations, has rendered such deeds of violence mere acts of self-preservation.

We read in history of the thousands of lives which have been sacrificed to the ambitions of an Alexander, of a Napoleon, or of a Bismarck ; and no unbiassed individual can study the account of an Empire's growth without the unpleasant conviction that the shedding of innocent blood is an unavoidable necessity involved in the process. But without desiring to undo the British Empire, or to detract from its greatness, one cannot help wishing sometimes that it rested upon more creditable foundations than thieving and murder. The history of every Crown colony, of each territorial acquisition, tells the same story. In the case of great and unexplored countries like the continents of North America or Australia, we adopted the simple and efficacious plan of hoisting the British flag and driving out the inhabitants. It might be argued in cases such as those cited, involving vast reaches of land, that there was room enough for both Colonists and aboriginal inhabitants ; and we should be quite in accord with that proposition. But the insatiable avarice of the new comers was never contented with a mere division of other people's property. The unhappy possessors of the soil were driven back inch by inch from their birthright ; men who depended upon hunting over great areas for their means of existence were squeezed into the narrow limits of a few square miles ; ignorant of the art of cultivation, they are being slowly exterminated in consequence. Mr. Jose, in one of his rare outbursts of plain-spokenness, acknowledges that the unhappy natives of Tasmania were driven, "as one drives kangaroos," by a line of two thousand beaters towards the neck of the peninsula. Ultimately they were collected together and expelled to a distant island, "where," the author grimly remarks, "they dwindled and died of a curious home-sickness."

An interesting part of Mr. Jose's book is that which deals with South Africa. In writing of the Boer grievances in Cape Colony the author does not attempt to mince matters, but boldly accuses us of the very injustices and overbearing conduct of which English settlers are now complaining in the Transvaal. The circumstances are practically parallel. Considerably outnumbering the English in the early part of the century, the Boers were nevertheless compelled to live under an alien government, to conform to strange laws, and to witness the decay of their language. This intolerable state of affairs eventually drove them out altogether. They trekked north and seized other territories, founding the Orange Free State, and later on the Transvaal Republic. But even there we refused to let them alone ; and in 1877, in spite of Kruger coming to London to protest, we annexed their new country and gave them a Crown Colony constitution which they did not want. Three years later the Boers revolted, and won back their independence at Majuba Hill. No country, it may be remarked, has cost us more bloodshed than our South African Empire. Nine times have the Kaffirs made plucky but vain attempts to expel the white man from their territory. One splendid tribe after another has given the lives of its warriors in a hopeless endeavour to get rid of the Western incubus ; and in return for their patriotism the exigencies of economical problems, which could not be otherwise explained to them, compelled us to annihilate them with the refined machinery of civilised warfare. Yet we cannot close Mr. Jose's creditable account of our misdoings without a glow of national pride. Such is, after all, the weakness of human nature.

#### THE THIRD REPUBLIC.

"The Evolution of France under the Third Republic." By Baron Pierre de Coubertin. London : Bowden.

THE monumental work of Taine, "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine," has had many successors, which serve to continue the fascinating history of France on the lines laid down by that great master who possessed in a pre-eminent degree what Dr. Albert Shaw claims for the author of the latest work on the subject. In his preface to the translation of Baron Pierre de Coubertin's "Evolution of France under the Third Republic" Dr. Shaw, with whom we are in entire agreement, pronounces the volume to be

an admirable instance of the judicious use of the current mass of available material by a student and observer whose methods are thoroughly workmanlike, whose temper is well-nigh perfect, and who possesses a scientific habit of accuracy combined with an artistic sense of proportion. This, with the addition of a genuine style—largely shared, in common with most good writers of French prose, by Baron de Coubertin—are the characteristics of Taine and his school. The English and American public will welcome this handsome volume as a most important contribution to contemporary history. The translation by Miss Isabel Hapgood is well done, and the introduction and additions by Dr. Shaw are interesting in that they include a brief biographical notice of the author. M. de Coubertin, as Dr. Shaw tells us, has acquired a broad point of view through wide travel and deep study. No Frenchman not exceptionally familiar with the history, politics and social life of America and England could, in the writing of a book like this, have rendered a direct service to English-speaking readers while primarily addressing his own countrymen. M. de Coubertin began his visits to England fourteen years ago, with the object of making himself acquainted with the life of the great public schools, Rugby, Eton, Harrow and others. He had become strongly convinced that there was an element in English education that was sadly lacking in French schools. He got to understand that in the rowing, football and cricket of English schools there was involved an element of moral discipline and strength that supplied, in some sense, a key to the secret of England's power—that same power which, as the story goes, Wellington revealed to his old antagonist, Soult, on the playing fields at Eton. The drift in France among young men of education was, and still is, towards softness and over-refinement, while the ideals of youth in England were, and happily still are, the clear eye, the steady hand and the firm will—self-control, that is, and the conservation of energy. M. de Coubertin's efforts to raise the youth of France to the same level involved an extension of his travels and researches, and some ten years ago he was commissioned by the National Department of Public Instruction to visit the Colleges and Universities in New England, New York and the Middle and Southern States of America. His English experiences were made known to his countrymen in his book, "L'Education en Angleterre," and his American observations in that entitled "Universités Transatlantiques." Under his leadership, in 1891, was organized the now well-known "Union des Sociétés des Sports Athlétiques," and in 1896 his magnificent scheme for the revival of the Olympic Games was realised. Such is the man who has now undertaken to write upon the politics of France during the past quarter-century, and in the doing of it he has shown himself to be possessed with the gift of writing history. As he himself says, he has run the risk, in attempting to analyse contemporary history, of finding that the title of historian is deliberately refused to him because of well-known limitations which make that task so difficult. The historian must be impartial, and it is not easy to be so in recording events which he has himself witnessed and which the rational calm of distance has not yet put into true proportion; the elements of information are lacking because the archives fill up slowly and deliver up their treasures only when those persons who have been playing the leading parts upon the stage have finally disappeared from it. If, however, he has but held himself aloof from the battles which his pen is about to describe, his quality of spectator procures for him sources of information and means of authoritative criticism which his successor will not possess.

"History," says M. de Coubertin, "must be studied either at very short range or at a great distance; the intermediate period is less favourable for sound judgments and it often happens that contemporaries possess a perspicacity which astonishes their descendants; in this century Mirabeau and Alexis de Tocqueville have given striking examples of this." We do not hesitate to give M. de Coubertin credit for a similar quality, and just as they had a clear and exact conception of the revolutions amidst which they lived, so he has shown himself able to judge with what Dr. Shaw calls "an

international and comparative cast of mind" of the history of the Third Republic, within which almost the whole of his life has lain.

The Third Republic, according to M. de Coubertin, has beheld the accomplishment of the general evolution in ideas, habits, political forms and social relations which had its origin in the terrible days of 1792, and he sums up the whole history in one sentence: "When the fatal hour for the imperial form of government sounded, the Republic had its staff in readiness; the nation did not know it, but no other party had prepared itself to enter upon the inheritance." Events have proved the accuracy of this statement, and also of what sounds like an ingenious paradox: "The strength of the Republic has consisted in great part in the fact that at no moment had it great confidence in itself." The strength acquired by the Republic year by year by a strange irony of fate was contributed by its enemy the "preservative alliance of the partisans of the divers monarchical forms of Government who forced the Republicans to wisdom. First the Chamber of Deputies escaped from their grasp, then the Presidency, then the Senate, then the Departmental and Communal Assemblies. The Republic absorbed the marrow of their doctrines, assimilated that which she found in them of utility to herself, and thus transformed the preservers into rebels." M. de Coubertin begins his history with the momentous 4 September, 1870, and brings it down to the assassination of President Carnot in 1894. So clearly and so concisely has he done his work that the labyrinth of French politics ceases to possess terrors for the average English-speaking man, and the thread can be followed throughout the tortuous windings and twistings of twenty-four eventful years. In addition to the actual history of the Third Republic, M. de Coubertin has given us several chapters of great interest upon the life of the nation. Such are the admirable essays upon Education, upon Ideas and Habits and upon the relation of the Republic to the Church. The book ends with a chapter on the Socialist movement—the question which confronts the new generation. The movement has developed itself in France to a point where it is impossible to imagine that it can be stopped or forced back, or even that it will become extinct of itself. "Good sense," says M. de Coubertin, "tells us that it must end in a modification of the social state. This however does not imply the complete disappearance of present society or the substitution for it of the collectivist city." The solutions which he describes are three in number: (1) A power, formed by association, which will treat with capital on equal terms; (2) the intervention of the law established by the delegates of the greatest number to redress the wrongs of chance and of heredity; (3) a voluntary understanding by means of concessions mutually agreed upon. To the settlement of this and other crises Republican France is marching; the hour for learning how they are to be settled is about to sound. "The new generation is aware of it; it foresees in its march that it is approaching a peak, whence it will obtain a view of the vast territories which constitute the twentieth century. The dawn is very pale. It knows not whether the day which is coming is to be a cold winter's morning or a spring noonday. But it is resolute, its step remains firm, it does not allow its gaze to wander backward over the valleys which have disappeared. And the spirit of France is with it."

#### MR. W. T. STEAD, NOVELIST.

"Blastus the King's Chamberlain: A Political Romance." By W. T. Stead. London: Richards.

SOME years ago we had occasion to reason with Mr. Stead for publishing a penny version of "Coningsby" with futile emendations from his own charming pen. Now he has gone a step further, and set himself to write a romance, which he evidently imagines is after the manner of Disraeli. Hitherto his serious lucubrations have been largely tinged with fiction, but this is his first attempt as an avowed story-teller, and we are not surprised to find that he is still exceedingly serious alike in his purpose and in his tedium.

We have been shown a copy of the "Review of Reviews," in which allusion is made to this romance as a "notable book." We have read the book care-

3 September, 1898

## The Saturday Review.

319

fully, and we confess that we are at a loss to know the reason of the opinion of the "Review of Reviews." The preface tells us that "the speculative spinner of the history of the future has seldom had more reason for complacent satisfaction than the author of 'Blastus the King's Chamberlain,' because his anticipations have been justified by events." But the few events of any importance which he attempted to foreshadow and which have come to pass were such as any schoolboy might have anticipated, while those which still remain in the limbo of the future are as grotesque as they are improbable. "Why 'Blastus' just now?" he asks at the outset; and we reply, like the Cornishman, with another question, "Why such a piece of rubbish at any time?" He published this concentrated essence of his own spleen as a Christmas number of the "Review of Reviews," and, if he was content with it as a suitable expression of his feelings at a season generally associated with good-will, we can only regret that he should have thought it necessary to resurrect it from catacombs where we need not have remarked it.

The story is evidently a mere vehicle for the author's theories about the regeneration of humanity, but taken either as a novel or as a pamphlet it is equally silly and inconsequential. The chief business of the book consists in what the writer sums up as "the utilisation of waste." He has schemes for doing this by transferring the unemployed of towns to the country, and setting them to cultivate land which uneducated farmers have not succeeded in making pay. But where he is most characteristic is in his visions for the employment of waste love. Lord Adam picked up his wife in Hyde Park, where she had a convenient fainting fit, and when he displayed inquisitiveness about her past, he allowed himself to be easily put off by rude reminders that that was her affair. When he found her flirting with his most intimate friend in a grotto, he was disturbed for a while, but presently acquiesced in her scheme for making use of the "waste love" of her various admirers to further his political ends, while he himself frequently played the part of a triumphant Joseph to the various Mrs. Potiphars who embraced and admired him. Some mischief is caused by the revelation of the heroine's early intrigues in Russia, but the author and the husband are ever ready to condone them as graceful illustrations of the utilisation of "waste love." All this is evidently one of the author's many apocryphal gospels, and he makes no secret of his admiration for the use of the mackerel, male and female, in private and public life.

Perhaps the most piteous part of the book is the laboured attempt to bring it more than up to date. Without rhyme or reason we have endless narratives of rides taken by the various characters on moto-cycles, and we are evidently intended to be constantly wrought up to a state of breathless admiration of Mr. Stead's foresight in perceiving that these vehicles will presently be in constant use. More irritating still are the unnecessary personalities which are as the breath of Mr. Stead's foetid nostrils. "Tepay," we read, "one of the most brilliant and capable of latter-day journalists, had just emerged from the Sudorium, where he had in vain been attempting to reduce his circumference." Of course we have allusions to Joe Blastus's eye-glass, but we confess that we are somewhat at sea when we find Lord Salisbury talking unctuously about "our pulpits." Our pleasure however overcomes our surprise when we light upon such phrases as these: "How easy it would be for diplomatisists to keep the peace of the world if it were not for the journalists!"; or again, "jealousy and envy of superior talent are common to every child of Adam in his unregenerate state. Some men have appealed to this master passion on one side or the other by attacking parties or sections or leaders. It was left to Tartung to combine all the jealousies and all the spites of the mediocre and the commonplace, and to furnish them with a formula which above all others appealed most strongly to their natural instincts." If for Tartung we had read Mr. Stead, we might almost persuade ourselves that we had at last lit upon a sane judgment of men and things.

If this book is read at all, it will be read for the unconscious buffoonery of its blunders. People in society, reputed to be brilliant, make tedious speeches

at private dinner parties. An earl asks his servant, "Where is your lady?" A Jew and a countess are described as having "walked tête-à-tête through dinner." A charge is the author's vernacular for an attaché. The late Mr. Barnato appears in the next century as a member of a syndicate for the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. The Colonial Office we read "had Blastus as its real although nominal chief." As a matter of fact he was both real and nominal chief, but not nominal at all in the sense which the author here incoherently implies. Mr. Stead has evidently poached extensively upon Captain Hinde's book on the Congo Arabs for his account of cannibal habits, but he has evidently not studied the book to much purpose, for he describes a white man as being considered a dainty, whereas Captain Hinde has told us that epicures consider the white man's flesh too salt for good eating. But perhaps the gem of the book is the relation of the adventures of a Russian prisoner's letter. His servant "rolled it into a pellet, covered it with tinfoil, and swallowed it; after many adventures" it reached its destination safely! Nor can we congratulate Mr. Stead upon his discovery of the adjective "disgruntled," except that it may serve to describe the state of the mind of an average reader after the perusal of this very unnecessary book.

## FICTION.

"In the Cage." By Henry James. London: Duckworth.

THERE is so much of the "tour de force" about this chronicle of the infinitesimal that we almost suspect Mr. Henry James of a wager. Of set purpose he takes his chief character out of the open, where at least speech and movement would have been free to her and some sort of voluntary contact with a fellow-creature possible. He places her in the "cage" of the title—the wire cage of a telegraphist and Post Office "young lady"; the cage itself is yet again enclosed in a grocer's shop: the girl is flanked on either side by fellow-clerks until her very elbows have no scope; the shop-door might lead out into an open-air world for her, but the very threshold is blocked by the burly and excellent grocer who offers her the shelter of another cage and of his name, which is somewhat too appropriately "Mudge." Having shut her up like this, Mr. Henry James then goes into the cage with her and lends her a thousand delicate arrows of imagination and insight—no one of them strong enough to kill a humming-bird, but all of just the right thickness to slip through cage-wires and get at the living world outside them.

The thing is ludicrously microscopic. We who are of the crowd outside the cage are perhaps vaguely conscious that it is a human being whose pencil counts the words on our telegrams with quick, suspicious pecks, and pushes the stamps under the wires for us to "affix," according to law and order. Mr. Henry James cannot rest till he has realised the very feel of that pencil to the fingers—till he has imagined a whole page of romance in connexion with the stamps. It might cross the minds of any one of us that a telegram may often be a human document in its way, telling much between the lines to a close observer; but which of us credits the automaton behind the wire with either power or inclination to read our history in it, weave a romance for us, know our face and watch for it again? We may or may not notice the fall of a sparrow to the ground: it is very certain that Mr. Henry James will have entered into its feelings as it fell, and will be able to give us a very tolerable idea of vertigo as experienced by sparrows.

The heroine is nameless all through the book. We have met her before, however, and should know her among a hundred. She is of the pathetic type of "knowing" innocence that is Mr. James's own patent. He has interpreted the whole class for us. One and all would be capable of acting as this one does when she follows up the unclean little intrigue between Captain Everard and Lady Bradeen through all the lying telegrams sent by the couple under their different aliases and clumsy disguises. She knows, as it were with the outside of her brain, that the woman is vicious and not free, the man little more than a pleasant animal, with refinements of scented-soap suggestions about his person. But Lady Bradeen is beautiful; the lover is

debonair and comely, and fresh from a world that is a place of enchanted memories to a little gentlewoman turned shop-girl. So she reads all the delicate romance and passion of her own nature into the pair, and helps on their cheap deceits as much as a telegraphist may, feeling herself the indispensable third in a great love-drama instead of the shabby little compulsory go-between that the fates have made her. Her meeting "outside" with the man; her holiday with her lawful Mudge and his memoranda; the marriage of her friend, the "better-days" widow, with a butler, failing the butler's master; the disillusion at the end, where Everard and his mistress are shown her in the ugly light of their own unlovingness, and her final marriage with her Mudge—all are drawn with such a subtle air of inevitability that we finish the book before discovering that it is all preposterous, and that we may go into the nearest telegraph office and flash off a message without fearing the innocent eyes of a caged maiden "à la" Henry James." It is quite a saddening reaction when we realise that we live in a world where telegraph clerks are often just telegraph clerks, and rainbow-weaving virgins but the delicate figments of Mr. James's brain. That commonplace things have sometimes none but a commonplace aspect takes much of the colour out of our lives; but perhaps it leaves the world an easier place to live in after all.

"Lady Mary of the Dark House," by Mrs. C. N. Williamson (Bowden), has suggestions of Sheridan Lefaire and his blood-curdling romances about it. Beautiful damsels are persecuted by fiendish stepmothers and most dastardly villains: there are secret chambers, sliding panels, nails à la Jael for piercing the temples of sleepers, heroic lovers springing to the rescue through trap-doors, and beautiful disguised mothers who watch over outraged innocence. Altogether, of its almost forgotten school, "Lady Mary of the Dark House" may be called a very fair and readable specimen.

"Life's Fitful Fever," by Eleanor Holmes (Hurst & Blackett), is an immense work, rather of the young person order of novel, and apparently more or less of a sequel to another of the same kind, to which unsated readers are referred by the author. The plot is not over-clearly worked out, but there is a general impression that things are coming right for the deserving characters, and that those with the labels, "vain sister," "vulgar man," and so on, are not getting it all their own way. It is the sort of book usually described as "wholesome." A little of it goes a long way.

"In the Eye of the Law," by W. D. Lyell (Hodge), calls itself "a tale of Scottish professional life," and in so far as it keeps within the bounds of such a tale it is good reading, witty and bright, with a freshness of plot that interests one. Unfortunately, about a third of it is Shilling Shocker; melodramatic beings are dragged in to please the gallery, and the good effect made by the rest becomes forgotten. The wholesale marriages of Julius Faber, and his sister's rôle of second-rate Cleopatra, are not particularly convincing and fit in badly with the common sense of the rest. We should like to read a novel by Mr. Lyell with melodrama left out.

#### REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

MR. MALLOCK has at last succeeded in "drawing" Mr. Herbert Spencer; but it is doubtful if the result will give him much satisfaction. Under the heading, "What is Social Evolution?" Mr. Spencer contributes to the "Nineteenth Century" a critical analysis of Mr. Mallock's recently-published work, "Aristocracy and Evolution." He complains at the outset of being forced into detailed controversy, pleading that a writer on many subjects might spend his whole time in dealing with everybody who challenged his conclusions, and that the small remnant of energy left at the close of a literary career might be more usefully employed. But, having taken up his pen, he promises Mr. Mallock a "mauvais quart d'heure." The chief accusation Mr. Herbert Spencer brings against the book in question is that it does not contain any proper account of social evolution at all, and that therefore the title is a complete misnomer. According to his argument Mr. Mallock has worked throughout on entirely erroneous theories as to what really constitutes "evolution," and the writer declares that Mr. Mallock has taken all the unimportant factors in the process of transformation and made them the all-important ones. "If,"

says Mr. Herbert Spencer, "in his title Mr. Mallock had, instead of 'Evolution,' written Social Sustentation, the general argument of his book would have been valid." And he concludes pathetically that if Mr. Mallock had recognised certain fundamental distinctions, "he would not have entailed upon me an expenditure of time and energy which I can ill spare." The first instalment of an article on "The Art Treasures of America," by Mr. William Sharp, begins with the remarkable assertion that it is not commonly realised that the United States is on the way to become the Louvre of the nations. Anybody who is unaware of the extent to which Americans buy up pictures in Europe must be supremely ignorant of art matters. According to Mr. Sharp there is no atmosphere of art in America at large, and there we agree with him; but it takes a great deal of interest out of his article, which consequently degenerates, by reason of the barrenness of the subject, into a mere catalogue of American collections. On the subject of "Emigrant Education," Mr. Holyoake has much to say that might be generally applied to the schools and teaching institutions of this country. It is not only the emigrant who is brought up totally unfitted for his occupation. "It is but a species of philosophic murder," he remarks, "to send them away untrained." We recommend the essay as wholesome and salutary reading to the School Board authorities. "The New American Imperialism," according to Mr. Dicey, is going to make the United States a formidable factor to be reckoned with in the international problems of the future. He states that the possession of colonies will compel the Americans to keep up an army and a navy capable of upholding their interests against the Great Powers. Mr. Dicey wrote his article before the Tsar's project was made public; but it is doubtful if the latter would have materially altered his views.

The "Fortnightly" contains the inevitable article on China. The writer, Mr. Alexis Krausse, traces the whole of our relations with that country from the first ambassadorship of Lord Macartney down to the present day. It is not a very instructive record. Apparently we have accomplished nothing in the past; and at the present rate of diplomatic fence we are not likely to accomplish anything in the future. The article ends with a sly hint that the conduct of affairs in the Far East might be taken out of Lord Salisbury's hands and handed over to Shoolbred or Whiteley for more profitable management. In a very facetious spirit Mr. Henniker Heaton has summed up all the arguments in favour of Imperial Penny Postage, when speaking of "the most practically-minded and sympathetic Postmaster-General of modern times"—we presume he is alluding, not to the Duke of Norfolk, but to the late Professor Fawcett. The one spoke in the wheel of Imperial Penny Postage is the refusal of Australia to join in it. She is afraid that the anomaly of making the postage of an inland letter double the cost of sending one across the sea would make her people discontented. "It might as reasonably be feared," argues Mr. Heaton, "that the low price of mutton would make the price of venison odious, and produce a formidable outcry against the rapacity of game-dealers." Nobody who has had anything to do with the Post-Office can resist statistics, and Mr. Heaton has plenty of interesting figures to show that the sum of £13,950 only is required in order to make Imperial Penny Postage complete by the inclusion of the Australasian Colonies. Of course it is the responsible officials at the Antipodes who are averse to the scheme, and Mr. Heaton predicts that before his article has reached the Australians they will have brought their postal Ministers to reason, or dismissed them to obscurity. "The Carlist Policy in Spain" does not tell us anything very new or startling. It is to a great extent a recapitulation of the article in the August number by "A Spaniard," who seems to have fired the enthusiasm of the Marquis de Ruvigny and his collaborateur. Don Carlos appears to have thoroughly made up his mind that, if called to the throne of Spain, he will not be an ornamental figurehead. The powers of the Cortes, under his régime, will be restricted to voting supplies. And as regards the constitution of that body, Don Carlos intends to do away with territorial representation altogether, and to substitute representatives of all classes in the country. Even the schools, we are gravely told, are to elect their members. Imagine Eton sending a representative to the House of Commons with instructions to oppose corporal punishment and to vote for the adjournment of the House on Derby Day! However, the youth of Spain, containing the germs of the incipient Don, may be more sober-minded, and better able to appreciate the duties of a citizen than the English public-school boy, and Don Carlos' broadly conceived franchise may work there satisfactorily enough. Major Arthur Griffiths gives, under the title "Kitchener and Khartoum," a résumé of the history of the present Nile Campaign. It is scarcely fair, we think, to award the Sirdar entire credit for everything. There are under him officers as able as himself, and more experienced in the Egyptian service. The Sirdar himself is generous in acknowledging his indebtedness to his colleagues, and probably nobody deprecates more than himself the fulsome flattery which is poured on him.

One of the chief difficulties against which monthly reviews have to contend is the necessity of keeping their contents up-to-date. The public interest is such a variable element, and events which attract popular attention are so kaleidoscopic, and succeed each other with such rapidity, that the editor of a monthly

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THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

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Spanish Literature, A History of (J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly). Heinemann. 6s.

EDUCATION.

Limen Latinum (E. V. Arnold) (Part I.). Arnold. 1s. 4d.

Physical Education, The Elements of (D. Lennox and A. Sturrock). Blackwood. 4s.

VERSE.

Poems of Susan K. Phillips, The Last. Richards.

Poetry of Wilfrid Blunt, The (W. E. Henley and G. Wyndham). Heinemann. 6s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Great Educators—Rousseau (T. Davidson). Heinemann. 5s.

Jackson, Stonewall, and the American Civil War (G. F. R. Henderson) (2 vols.). Longmans. 42s.

Merivale, Charles, Autobiography and Letters of (edited by J. A. Merivale). Printed for Private Circulation.

TRAVEL.

Camping and Tramping in Malaya (A. B. Rathborne). Sonnenschein. 10s. 6d.

Farthest North (F. Nansen and Lieut. Johansen) (Vol. II.). Newnes. 8s. 6d.

FICTION.

Benedictine (E. H. Lacon Watson). Richards. 3s. 6d.

Captive Princess, A (R. H. Savage). Routledge.

Dyses of Norfolk Dumplings, A (W. N. Dew). Jarrold.

Golden Ruin (Nat Gould). Routledge.

To Arms! (A. Balfour). Methuen. 6s.

Town Traveller, The (G. Gissing). Methuen. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Factory Laws of European Countries, A Tabulation of the (E. Brooke). Richards.

Hush-a-by Papers, The (J. R. Clegg). Unwin. 1s.

Imperial Africa (Vol. I.) (A. F. Mockler-Ferryman). Imperial Press.

Life in a Modern Monastery (J. McCabe). Richards. 6s.

REPRINTS.

Aide-de-Camp, The (J. Grant). Routledge.

Burton's Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Meccah (2 vols.). Bell. 7s.

Modern Angler, The ("Otter"). Upcott Gill.

Oxford Movement, The Secret History of the (W. Walsh). Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d.

Princess of Thule, A (W. Black). Sampson Low. 6d.

Song of Hiawatha, The (Longfellow). Dent. 1s. 6d.

Table Talk (J. Seldon). Dent. 1s. 6d.

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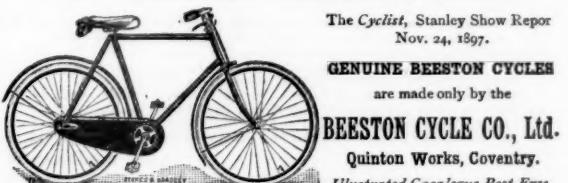
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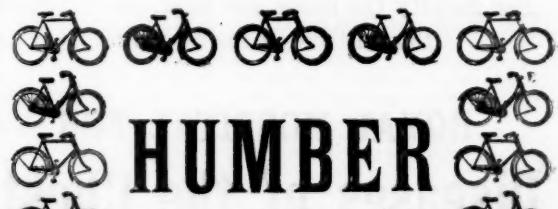
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ISSUED SHARE CAPITAL—{ 7,500 Seven per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each, £75,000  
7,500 Ordinary Shares of £10 each ..... 75,000

**ISSUE OF £90,000 FOUR PER CENT. PERPETUAL "C" DEBENTURE STOCK.** to be secured upon the Donyland Brewery, which is Freehold, and the Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Properties held in connection therewith, which the Company has purchased, as well as by a general charge upon the undertaking of the Company, subject to the Debenture Stock already issued, as set forth below, at 95 per cent. Payable: on Application, 10 per cent.; on Allotment, 25 per cent., and the balance on 1 October, 1898, with option of payment in full on allotment, under a discount at the rate of £4 per cent. per annum. Default in payment of any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture. The stock will be issued in sums of £100, or in multiples of £5 above that amount, and will be transferable in any sums not involving a fraction of a pound. The Interest on this Stock will be paid half yearly, on 1 March and 1 September each year. The first proportionate payment will be made on 1 March, 1899. This Stock can only be paid off at par on any eventuality.

**Trustees for this Issue of Debenture Stock:**

THOMAS B. DANIELL, West Bergholt, Essex.  
GEORGE PHILLIPS, St. Andrew's Distillery, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

**DIRECTORS:**

H. J. GURDON REBOW, J.P., D.L., Wyvern Park, Colchester, *Chairman*.  
C. PAGE WOOD, J.P., D.L., Wakes Hall, Wakes Colne, Essex.  
T. B. DANIELL, West Bergholt, Essex, *Managing Director*.

THE Company was incorporated in January, 1887, for the purpose of acquiring the businesses which have been established nearly one hundred years. The Freehold and Leasehold Premises, Plant, and Property of the Company (exclusive of the Donyland Brewery and properties now being purchased) have recently been valued as a going concern by the well-known Brewery Valuers, Messrs. Mason & Son, at £399,260 o o To which should be added the Stock-in-Trade, Book Debts, Loans, &c., less Outstanding Liabilities as at 30 November last, and the proceeds of £10,000 "B" Debenture Stock recently issued ... 54,174 o o £453,434 o o

The existing charges on the above Freehold and Leasehold Properties are as follows: £125,000 4d per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock, created in 1888. £125,000 4d per cent. "B" Debenture Stock, of which £115,000 were subscribed in 1895 at 3 per cent. premium, and the remaining £10,000 have been £250,000 recently issued to increase the Working Capital of the Company. So that on the basis of the above valuation a surplus of over £200,000 is shown over the Debenture Stock issued.

The 4 per cent. "C" Debenture Stock now offered for subscription will have a general charge upon such surplus assets as well as a First Mortgage on the Donyland Brewery and the Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold properties purchased therewith.

The net profits of the Company, as certified for the year ending 30 November, 1897, after payment of Trustees' and Directors' fees, amounted to £23,797 13s. 4d., and it is anticipated that the increased profits arising from the acquisition of the Donyland Brewery and properties held therewith, as well as from the employment of the further sum of £10,000 Working Capital, will be from £500 to £600 per annum, so that it will be seen that after payment of Interest on the £250,000 Debenture Stock already issued a margin is shown of upwards of £17,500, or nearly sufficient to pay the interest on the present issue of Debenture Stock five times over.

**Bankers:**

BARCLAY & COMPANY, Limited, Lombard Street, E.C., and Colchester.

**Brokers:** BRUNTON, BOURKE & CO., 2 Threadneedle Street, E.C.

**Auditors:** GOOD, SON, & BLAIR, 57 Moorgate Street, London.

**Solicitors:** DALE, NEWMAN & HOOD, 75 & 76 Cornhill, E.C.

{ BEAUMONT & SON, Coggeshall, Essex.

**Secretary and Offices:** W. J. POINTING, Castle Brewery, Colchester.

The property of the Company, including the recent purchase, consists in the main of freehold houses, 150 in all, in which are such well-known hotels as the "Red Lion," the "Bull," and the "Essex Arms," and other valuable licensed properties at Colchester, and also numerous and valuable seaside Hotels and other licensed properties at Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, and Harwich, including the "Royal," "Imperial," "Osborne," "Coach and Horses," and the Station Hotels at Clacton-on-Sea, and the "Marine Hotel" at Walton-on-the-Naze. In addition to these, the Company owns 26 leasehold Public and Beer Houses.

The interest on the Stock, at the rate of four per cent. per annum, will be payable half-yearly on 1 March and 1 September in every year, the first proportionate payment being made on 1 March next. Interest will accrue from the date of payment of the instalments as they fall due.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, the Trust Deed securing the "C" Debenture Stock, the form of the "C" Stock Certificate, and the Resolutions authorising the creation of such Stock, and the original of the valuation of Messrs. Mason & Son, can be inspected at the offices of Messrs. Dale, Newman, & Hood, 75 & 76 Cornhill, London, E.C.

Applications for the Stock in multiples of £50, accompanied by a remittance of the amount of the deposit on the sums applied for, should be sent to the Bankers of the Company, in London or Colchester. Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained of the Bankers and Brokers, and at the offices of the Company.

If the whole amount applied for by any applicant be not allotted, the balance of the amount paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the sum due on allotment. In the case of an applicant to whom no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full. Failure by allottees in payment at the due date of any instalment will render the allotment liable to cancellation and the previous payments to forfeiture.

Application will be made in due course to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for an official quotation of the present issue.

Dated September 3, 1898.

Her Majesty the Queen has been the Patron of this Institution for 50 Years.

## ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR Diseases of the Chest, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

*President*—THE LORD ROTHSCHILD.

*Treasurer*—S. HOPE MORLEY, Esq.

*Chairman of the Council*—SIR THOMAS DE LA RUE, BART.

*Vice-Chairman*—THE HON. LIONEL ASHLEY.

THIS Hospital was the first of its kind established in Europe, and has uninterruptedly since 1814 carried on its great work in the midst of the suffering poor of the metropolis.

It treats annually about 750 IN-PATIENTS, who come from all parts of the country, and the ATTENDANCES OF OUT-PATIENTS EACH YEAR NUMBER ABOUT 25,000.

The Charity's Income from all sources does not exceed £3000, whereas its ANNUAL EXPENDITURE averages £8000, leaving an ANNUAL DEFICIT OF £5000.

DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS are earnestly solicited, and may be sent direct to the Treasurer, or to the

*Secretary*, JOHN HARROLD.

## HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST, BROMPTON.

*PATRON.*

Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

THE HOSPITAL contains 321 Beds, and in 1897 received 1681 In-patients—13,098 Out-patients were also treated.

The yearly requirements of the Hospital cannot be estimated at less than £25,000 a year.

Further, it has been decided, upon the unanimous and urgent advice of the Medical staff, to establish a

### Country Branch and Convalescent Home,

and it is estimated that £20,000 will be needed to inaugurate this new departure.

The Charity, being UNENDOWED, is dependent on Donations, Annual Subscriptions, and Legacies, CONTRIBUTIONS are therefore earnestly solicited in aid of both objects.

*Treasurer*—W. S. DEACON, Esq.

*Bankers.*

Messrs. WILLIAMS, DEACON & CO.  
MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK, Ltd., 20 Birchin Lane.

*Secretary*—WILLIAM H. THEOBALD.

3 September, 1898

## The Saturday Review.

## NEW PRIMROSE GOLD MINING CO., Ltd.

DIVIDEND NO. 16.

DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.

OLDERS of share warrants to bearer are informed that they will receive payment of the dividend No. 16 (5s. per share less income tax) on presentation of coupon No. 6 at the London Offices of the Company, Nos. 10 and 11 Austin Friars, E.C.

Coupons must be left four clear days for examination, and may be presented any day after 30 August, 1898, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., Saturdays excepted. Listing forms may be had on application.

By Order,

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT CO., LTD.

T. HONEY, Secretary,

10 and 11 Austin Friars, London, E.C.,

30 August, 1898.

## GLENCAIRN MAIN REEF GOLD MINING CO., Ltd.

DIVIDEND NO. 5.

DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.

OLDERS of share warrants to bearer are informed that they will receive payment of the Dividend No. 5 (3s. per share less income tax) on presentation of Coupon No. 4 at the London Office of the Company, Nos. 10 and 11 Austin Friars, E.C.

Coupons must be left four clear days for examination, and may be presented after the 30 August, 1898, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., Saturdays excepted. Listing forms may be had on application.

By Order,

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT CO., LTD.

T. HONEY, Secretary,

10 and 11 Austin Friars, London, E.C.,

30 August, 1898.

## GELDENHUIS DEEP, Limited.

CAPITAL £350,000

IN 350,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH, OF WHICH 300,000 SHARES ARE ISSUED.

## Directorate:

G. ROULIOT, Chairman.

(Alternate, J. P. FITZPATRICK, Acting Chairman.)

D. H. BENJAMIN (Alternate, J. P. Faure.) H. W. GLENNY.

F. LOWREY. F. ECKSTEIN.

## London Committee:

C. RUBE.

L. WAGNER.

L. SARTORIS.

General Manager:

G. E. WEBBER.

Manager at Mine:

C. J. PRICE.

Secretary:

F. RALEIGH.

London Secretary:

A. MOIR.

HEAD OFFICE: 47 ECKSTEIN'S BUILDINGS, JOHANNESBURG.  
LONDON OFFICE: 120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

## DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT

on the working operations of the Company for the Three Months ending 30 June, 1898, which show a Total Profit of £69,518 13s. 4d.

## MINE.

Number of feet Driven, Sunk, and Risen, exclusive of Stoops ... 1,969 feet.  
Ore Developed ... 61,250 tons.  
Ore Mined ... 77,974 tons.

Ore taken from Surface dumps ... 3,394 " ... 8,368 "

Less Waste sorted (12·342 per cent.) ... 20,043 " ... 71,325 tons.

## MILL.

Tons Delivered ... 71,325 " ... 71,325 tons.  
Plus taken from Stock in Mill Bins ... 250 " ... 250 "

Tons Crushed ... 71,575 tons.  
Number of days (24 hours) working an average of 190 Stamps ... 842 days.  
Tons Crushed per Stamp per 24 hours ... 4,471 tons.  
Tons in Mill Bins 30 June, 1898 ... 400 "

Yield in Fine Gold ... 21,453·038 ozs.

Yield per ton in Fine Gold ... 5·994 dwt.

## TOTAL YIELD.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources ... 33,619·519 ozs.  
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis ... 0·304 dwt.

Total Yield in Bullion Gold from all sources ... 39,953·958 ozs.

## WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 71,575 tons milled.

## COST.

To Mining Expenses ... £48,309 14 2  
" Milling Expenses ... 10,423 11 2  
" Cyaniding Expenses ... 8,901 6 11  
" General Expenses ... 2,321 17 4  
" Head Office Expenses ... 1,525 15 7

" Profit ... £71,492 5 2  
" ... 69,518 13 4  
" ... £141,010 18

## By Gold Account—

Mill ... £90,478 17 0  
Cyanide Works ... 50,532 1 6  
" ... £141,010 18 6

## GENERAL.

The Capital Expenditure for the period under review has amounted to £3,782 10s. 9d.

The Company's only liability is the Debenture Issue of £144,000.  
An Interim Dividend (No. 2) of 30 per cent. was declared on 14 June, 1898, for the half-year ending 30 June, and will be payable on 4 August 1898, from the London and Johannesburg Offices, to Shareholders registered in the Company's Books on 1 July, 1898.

By Order of the Board,

F. T. ALBIGH, Secretary.

HEAD OFFICE, JOHANNESBURG,  
July, 1898.

## BONANZA, LIMITED.

## MANAGER'S REPORT for the Month of July, 1898.

## MINE.

Number of feet driven, risen, and sunk, exclusive of stopes ... 384 feet.  
Ore and waste mined ... 7224 tons.

Less waste sorted out ... 1707 "

Balance milled ... 5517 tons.

Percentage of South Reef mined ... 44·4% per cent.

Percentage of Main Reef Leader mined ... 58·59%.

Waste sorted ... 23·6 "

## MILL.

Stamps ... 29 days 16 hrs. 51 mins.

Running time ... 5517 tons.

Tons milled ... 5471·20 ozs.

Smelted gold bullion ... 4719·30 "

Equivalent in fine gold ... 25·97 "

## SANDS AND SLIMES WORKS.

Yield in bullion ... 258·30 ozs.

Equivalent in fine gold ... 25·97 "

## TOTAL YIELD.

Yield in fine gold from all sources ... 6916·80 ozs.

" " " per ton milled ... 25·97 dwts.

## WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 5517 Tons Milled.

Mining	£2,705 13 8
Crushing and Sorting	414 18 9
Milling	1,108 15 7
Cyaniding	1,110 15 10
Slimes	602 13 1
H. O. Expenses	134 13 6

£6,079 10 5
277 11 2
1,724 1 3

£8,081 2 10
20,969 8 5

£29,050 11 3
--------------

By MILL GOLD:	Value.
4719·30 ozs. fine gold	£19,821 1 3

By CYANIDE GOLD:	9,229 10 0
2,197·05 ozs. fine gold	£29,050 11 3

## CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

The Capital Expenditure for the Month of July is as follows :

Development	£2,701 7 8
Main Shaft	106 13 4
Mechanical Haulage (completed)	£97 3 0
New Hauling Engine (completed)	1,718 10 5

£4,526 11 5
-------------

GEO. D. STONESTREET, Acting Manager.

## GLYNN'S LYDENBURG, LIMITED.

THE THIRD ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders will be held in the Board Room, City Chambers, JOHANNESBURG, on FRIDAY, 30 SEPTEMBER, 1898, for the following business :—

- To receive and consider the statement of Profit and Loss Account, Balance Sheet, and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors to 31 July, 1898.
- To elect Directors in the place of Messrs. G. Rouliot, J. P. Fitzpatrick, W. H. Glenny, A. Bailey, D. H. Benjamin, F. Watkins, and H. T. Glynn, who retire in accordance with the provisions of the Company's Articles of Association, but who are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election.
- To elect two Auditors in the place of Messrs. D. Fraser and T. J. Ball, who retire, and to fix their remuneration for the past year.
- To transact general business.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 21 to 30 September, 1898, both days inclusive.

A. MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street, Within, E.C.

24 August, 1898.

## LOCKWOOD AND CO.

STOCK and MINING SHARE DEALERS.

3 THROGMORTON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1886.

## SOUTH AFRICAN MINING and LAND SHARES.

## WEST AUSTRALIAN MINING SHARES.

## NEW ZEALAND MINING SHARES.

## INDIAN MINING SHARES.

## MISCELLANEOUS MINING SHARES.

Business in the above Shares for the Fortnightly Stock Exchange Settlements, or for One, Two, or Three Months Forward Delivery.

Terms of Business and Full Particulars on Application.

OUR MINING REVIEW AND BAROMETER (fourth year of publication). This well-known Report appears weekly in the leading financial daily papers, and contains a comprehensive summary and careful forecast of the Mining Market.

## DAILY MINING LIST, with closing prices of all active Shares.

WEEKLY MINING LIST, comprising a quantity of valuable information respecting Dividends, Calls, Mining Results, New Issues, &c. &c.

THE ABOVE PUBLICATIONS POST FREE.

## ROBINSON GROUP OF MINES.

THE  
ROBINSON RANDFONTEIN GOLD MINING CO.  
LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - - - £600,000

In 600,000 Shares of £1 each.

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS, 1898-99.

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.  
 J. W. S. LANGERMAN. N. J. SCHOLTZ. JAS. FERGUSON.  
 STANLEY CLAY. F. S. TUDHOPE.  
 Secretary.—GEO. BINGHAM.  
 Manager.—J. JEFFERY.

HEAD OFFICE ... ... ... ...  
 TRANSFER OFFICES, Johannesburg ... ...  
 TRANSFER OFFICE, London ... ...

## Bankers.

THE ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.  
 Solicitors.—MESSRS. VAN HULSTEVN AND FELTHAM.  
 London Agents.

THE ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.  
 Transfer Agents.—Head Office.

THE ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Mayfair, P.O. Box 98, Johannesburg.  
 Robinson Bank Buildings;  
 1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, E.C.

## Directors' Report for the Year ending 31 December, 1897.

To the Shareholders of the Robinson Randfontein Gold Mining Company, Limited.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors beg to lay before you the Balance Sheets and Profit and Loss Account for the year ended 31 December, 1897.

## PROPERTY.

During the year under review the Company has obtained Beizrecht on all its claims, and the titles thereof are now in thorough order.

## MINE.

During the past year the 60-Stamp Mill was erected, together with all the plant necessary for the complete equipment of the mine. The machinery is of the most approved of and modern type, and the mine is now fully equipped for all its requirements.

Milling operations were commenced in October, but, owing to the great scarcity of native labour, only 20 stamps were started, and it was found impossible to run more than 35

stamps at any time during the year, and that with very indifferent rock.

The mine has, however, continued to open up most satisfactorily, the assays from many parts being exceedingly high, and as soon as conditions of labour become more favourable your Directors are confident that very satisfactory results will be obtained, as strict economy in the working of the mine will be observed, so as to make this property a profit-making concern at an early date.

## DIRECTORS.

Mr. James Ferguson retires in terms of the Articles of Association, but being eligible offers himself for re-election.

## AUDITORS.

You are requested to appoint two Auditors for the ensuing year, and to fix the remuneration for the past audit.

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.

## STATEMENT OF LIABILITIES AND ASSETS FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER, 1897.

Dr.	Cr.
To Capital ... ... ... £600,000 0 0	
Less Reserve Shares ... ... 25,000 0 0	
	£574,500 0 0
„ Sundry Creditors—	
Trade Accounts, Wages, &c. ... ... 137,715 7 5	
„ Profit and Loss Account—	
Balance ... ... ... 4,103 2 4	
	£716,318 9 9
By Cash in Hand—	
„ Mine Office ... ... ... ... ...	£1,036 1 1
„ Gold in Transit ... ... ... ... ...	9,030 7 1
„ Share Account ... ... ... ... ...	22,279 0 0
„ Property ... ... ... ... ...	452,710 0 0
„ Buildings ... ... ... ... ...	10,602 0 1
„ Mill, 60 Stamps ... ... ... ... ...	26,309 9 4
„ Machinery and Plant Account ... ...	67,595 10 3
„ Cyanide Works ... ... ... ... ...	14,537 17 2
„ Dams and Reservoirs ... ... ... ...	1,222 9 11
„ Mine Development, Shafts, &c. ...	89,338 12 10
„ Live Stock and Vehicles ... ...	413 4 8
„ Furniture ... ... ... ... ...	477 1 4
„ Stores ... ... ... ... ...	8,487 11 2
„ Sundry Debtors ... ... ... ... ...	3,137 18 1
„ Tree-planting and Fencing ... ...	141 6 9
	£716,318 9 9

## STATEMENT OF PROFIT AND LOSS AS AT 31 DECEMBER, 1897.

To Balance from Expenditure and Revenue ... ... £9,944 0 11	By Balance ... ... ... ... ...	£14,047 3 3
„ Balance forward ... ... ... ... ...		
		£14,047 3 3

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.  
 GEO. BINGHAM, Secretary.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Books of the Robinson Randfontein Gold Mining Company, Limited, and compared same with vouchers and bank book; that we have found the same correct, and that the above statement is a true extract from said books.

S. FLEISCHER,  
 C. L. ANDERSSON, } Auditors.

## ROBINSON GROUP OF MINES.—Continued.

THE ROBINSON DIAMOND MINING COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - - - £450,000

In 450,000 Shares of £1 each.

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS, 1898-99.

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.

J. W. S. LANGERMAN. JAS. FERGUSON. E. H. JONES.  
N. J. SCHOLTZ. STANLEY CLAY. R. LILIENFELD.

Secretary.—G. BINGHAM.

Manager.—W. MURRAY.

HEAD OFFICE

TRANSFER OFFICES, Johannesburg

TRANSFER OFFICE, London

## Bankers.

THE ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Solicitors.—MESSRS. VAN HULSTEYN AND FELTHAM.

## London Agents.

THE ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Transfer Agents.—Head Office.

THE ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Mayfair, P.O. Box 98, Johannesburg.

Robinson Bank Buildings.

1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, E.C.

## Directors' Report for the Year ended 31 December, 1897.

To the Shareholders of the Robinson Diamond Mining Company, Limited.

GENTLEMEN,—In submitting to you the Statement of Accounts for the year ended 31 December, 1897, your Directors report as follows:—

## MINE.

As stated to you last year, a contract was placed with Messrs. McLellan and Lockhart for a washing gear capable of treating 4000 loads of ground per diem of 10 hours, which was to have been completed in terms of the agreement by 5 November, 1897, but owing to the Engineers' strike in England the completion was delayed, and the contract was not finished at the end of the year under review, and it is expected that the gear will not be ready before some time in February, 1898, when your Directors intend vigorously opening up the mine and thoroughly proving its value. There is a large deposit of yellow ground lying on the top of the blue-ground, which has to be removed before the blue can be reached, and which, as stated by the manager in his report for 1896, contains only a small percentage of diamonds. The blue-ground, however, from tests made, contains a high percentage of diamonds, which are also of superior colour and quality, and your Directors have every confidence in the value and future of your property.

The work already done consists of the following:—

	Feet.
Mine incline	701
Full tunnel	1015
Empties tunnel	316
Singles tunnel	36
Cross-cuts	409
Passes	748
Prospecting shaft	54
Winze	126
Pump pass	151
	3556

besides 1879 cubic yards of cutting for the main incline.

This still leaves 550 feet of tunnelling to be done, which work is proceeding as rapidly as possible.

All the machinery on the property has been carefully maintained and is in good order.

## DIRECTORS.

In terms of Clause 76 of the Articles of Association all the Directors retire from office, but are eligible for re-election.

## AUDITORS.

Messrs. S. Fleischer and C. L. Andersson, the auditors, retire from office, but offer themselves for re-appointment. It will also be necessary for you to fix their remuneration for the past audit.

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.

## STATEMENT OF LIABILITIES AND ASSETS AS AT 31 DECEMBER, 1897.

DR.	LIABILITIES.	CR.	ASSETS.
To Capital	£450,000 0 0		£310,385 2 10
,, Sundry Creditors	83,180 2 9		14,109 10 2
	£533,180 2 9		101,060 1 0
,, Balance	6,855 10 4		5,297 4 11
			5,913 19 5
			7,239 11 5
			845 12 0
			1,056 15 2
			1,047 2 0
			6,038 12 0
			17,999 0 7
			235 5 5
			68,789 16 2
	£540,035 13 1		£540,035 13 1

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT AS AT 31 DECEMBER, 1897.

DR.	£ s. d.	CR.	£ s. d.
To Balance from Expenditure and Revenue Account	8,661 16 5	By Balance at 31 December, 1896	15,517 6 9
,, Balance carried forward as per Liability and Assets Statement	6,885 10 4		
	£15,517 6 9		£15,517 6 9

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.  
G. BINGHAM, Secretary.

We hereby certify that we have examined the books of the Robinson Diamond Company, Limited, and compared same with Vouchers and Bank Book; that we have found same correct and that the above Statement is a true extract from the said books.

S. FLEISCHER,  
C. L. ANDERSSON, } Auditors.

## ROBINSON GROUP OF MINES.—Continued.

## PORGES RANDFONTEIN GOLD MINING COMPANY

LIMITED.

CAPITAL

£500,000

In 500,000 Shares of £1 each.

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS, 1898-99.

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.

J. W. S. LANGERMAN. N. J. SCHOLTZ. F. S. TUDHOPE.

STANLEY CLAY. JAS. FERGUSON.

Secretary.—GEO. BINGHAM.

Manager.—J. W. H. STUBBS.

HEAD OFFICE

TRANSFER OFFICE, Johannesburg

TRANSFER OFFICE, London

## Bankers.

THE ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Solicitors.—VAN HULSTEYN AND FELTHAM.

## London Agents.

THE ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

## Transfer Agents.—Head Office.

THE ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Mayfair P. O. Box 98, Johannesburg.

Robinson Bank Buildings.

1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, E.C.

## DIRECTORS' REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER, 1897.

To the Shareholders, The Porges Randfontein Gold Mining Company, Limited.

GENTLEMEN.—In submitting to you the Balance Sheets and Profit and Loss Account for the year ended 31 December, 1897, your Directors report as follows:—

## PROPERTY.

During the year under review the Northern portion of your property was formed into a subsidiary Company called the South Randfontein Gold Mining Company, Limited, with a capital of £450,000. The purchase price paid to this Company was 250,000 shares of one pound sterling each. As the South Randfontein promises to become a dividend-paying proposition at an early date, these Shares will form a very valuable asset in the near future.

## MINE.

During the year under review the full 60-stamp mill was run, but owing to continued scarcity of Native labour, and the prevailing drunkenness amongst the Company's Natives, it was found impossible to run the stamps for full time, as will be seen from the tables attached to the Manager's Report. A sum close upon £3000 was spent during the year in obtaining labour, but in spite of this large expense, and every effort being made to obtain Native labour, it was found impossible to keep up a sufficient supply for the requirement of the Mine. The cost of working will be greatly reduced as soon as the new machinery is erected and the New Central Incline Shaft is in use.

The new machinery referred to consists of a very powerful hauling engine, condenser, sinking engine, boiler, economiser, pumps, and all the most modern appliances for economic working.

A new and complete Electric Plant has also been purchased for the purpose of driving the Pumps, &c., and for general lighting purposes. Additional commodious workshops have been erected and fully equipped with the most modern appliances.

The New Incline Shaft, which is sunk down to 422 feet, is centrally

situated, and is arranged to deal with all the ore from the Mine, and as it will be connected with all the drives, all hauling and pumping will be concentrated at that shaft. A 75-foot Head Gear with a Sorting and Crusher Plant has been erected so as to enable the work to be sorted, and only payable ore will be crushed when the New Plant is ready for work, and you will readily understand that this arrangement will greatly increase the value per ton, and consequently increase the profits made.

In order to provide sufficient funds for the large works mentioned above, your Directors disposed of 50,000 South Randfontein Gold Mining Company Shares at 30s. each, which will give sufficient capital to carry out these works without drawing on the profits made by the Company.

## FINANCIAL.

A dividend of 10 per cent. for the year 1897 was declared, amounting to £48,750. This is the second of 10 per cent. declared since the formation of the Company, the total amount declared in dividends to the end of the year 1897 being £132,500, and your Directors anticipate paying regular and increased dividends as soon as the New Machinery, &c., is in full work.

Your Company still holds 200,000 South Randfontein Gold Mining Company Shares of £1 sterling each.

## DIRECTORS.

Mr. James Ferguson retires in order of rotation from the Board of Directors, and, being eligible, offers himself for re-election.

## AUDITORS.

You are requested to appoint two Auditors in the place of Messrs. S. Fleischer and C. L. Andersson, who retire, but offer themselves for reappointment, and to fix their remuneration for the past audit.

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.

## STATEMENT OF LIABILITIES AND ASSETS at 31 December, 1897.

Dr.	Cr.
To Capital	£500,000 0 0
,, Reserve Shares	12,500 0 0
,, Sundry Creditors, Trade Accounts, Wages, &c.	22,178 6 4
Dividend Account—	
,, 10 per cent. Dividend declared 1897	48,750 0 0
,, Profit and Loss Account Balance	243,345 8 2
	£801,773 14 6
By Cash on Hand	£92,290 12 9
Head Office	£2,729 15 10
Mines Office	6,560 16 10
,, Gold in Transit	12,459 6 9
,, Share Account	200,000 0 0
,, Property, Transfer Dues	306,943 0 6
,, Buildings	16,609 12 8
,, Mill, 60 Stamps	38,293 18 6
,, Machinery and Plant	55,107 5 4
,, Cyanide Plant	17,828 1 9
,, Dams and Reservoirs	2,362 2 8
,, Mine Development, Shafts, Crosscuts, &c.	40,053 14 11
,, Live Stock and Vehicles	1,058 11 8
,, Furniture	305 7 10
,, Stores	11,105 0 0
,, Sundry Debtors	89,775 11 5
,, Tree Planting and Fencing	575 7 9
	£801,773 14 6

## STATEMENT OF PROFIT AND LOSS for Year ended 31 December, 1897.

To General Development— 74,730 tons omitted to be written off in December, 1896	£21,933 10 8	By Balance at January 1, 1897	£10,464 0 0
,, Dividend Account— 10 per cent. Dividend declared for 1897	48,750 0 0	,, 50,000 South Randfontein Gold Mining Company Shares transferred into 250,000 Ordinary Shares	250,000 0 0
Balance	£70,683 10 8	,, Share Premium	25,000 0 0
	243,345 8 2	,, Balance, Expenditure and Revenue	28,564 18 9
	£314,028 18 10		£314,028 18 10

We hereby certify that we have examined the Books of the Porges Randfontein Gold Mining Company, Limited, and compared same with Vouchers and Bank Book, that we have found them correct, and that the above Statement is a true extract from said Books.

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.

GEO. BINGHAM, Secretary.

S. FLEISCHER,

C. L. ANDERSSON, Auditors.